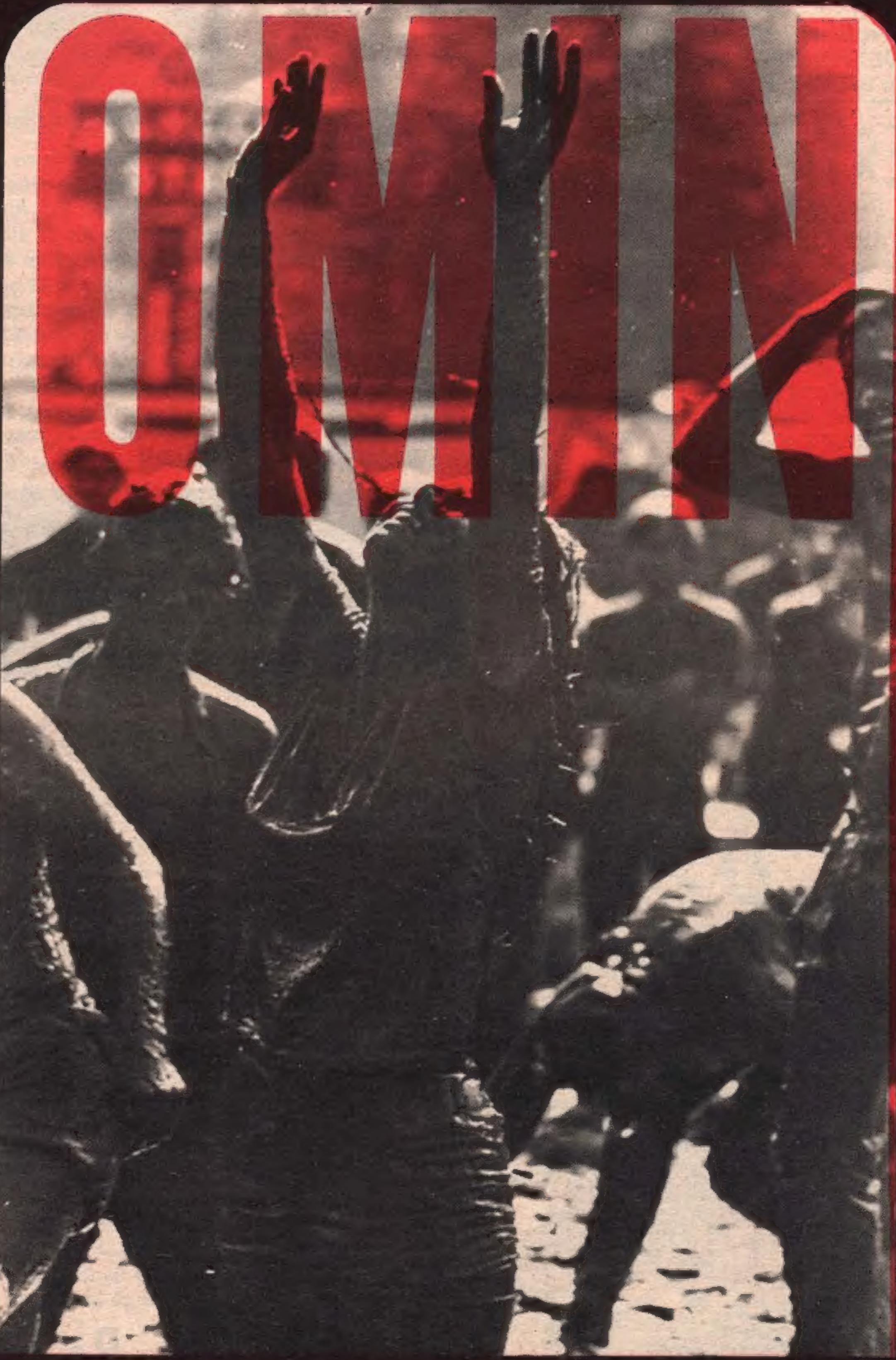


# CHRIST IS COMING



(Story on page 2)

FINAL

EXTRA

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN  
YOU



THIS IS THE STORY ABOUT  
THE COVER

# CHRIST IS COMING

The KINGDOM OF GOD is AT HAND IN  
THE MOUTH WITHIN  
WITHOUT

THIS IS AGAIN

## THE LAST NEWS FOR AS A LOVER IN THE NIGHT

CHRIST COMES

WITHIN AND WITHOUT with the NONSENSE of a SLEIGHT  
OF HAND MAN

## THE ELEMENTS MELT WITH FERVENT HEAT OF HIS LOVE

The Weather is UNSETLED and MUD is the holy quagmire or QUINTESSENCE or BLESSED SACRAMENT of ALL elements in indiscriminate MIX. ....

EXTRA  
PROOF

There were at least THIRTY-THREE genuine RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES at the

## SKY RIVER ROCK FESTIVAL

This does not include drug-induced static and glorious states of clear light or the dynamic delights of the bouncing nipple smiles of beautiful people. WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER IN MY NAME THERE AM I IN THE MIDST OF THEM. ....

HIP being: As THE NUMBERS OF THEM INCREASED THEY WERE EACH OF THEM LOST INTO THE GATHERING OF THEIR MUTUAL GODHEAD: This is the Wisdom of the Divine Insanity (of lusty paranoia and overflowing nonsense) ... That EACH IS EACH AND GOD SWAYS LIKE A SWARM OF BUTTERFLIES THROUGH ALL.

SEATTLE is the new heaven of the FUNKY REVIVAL. The Religion of the GROSSLY TENDER ARMPIT. And when we get together we smell like the dusty feet of a god who has done "some hard travlin."

The **PIANO DROP**



The PIANO was something of an ORPHIC JESUS CHRIST. Crucified on a woodpile so that the music could pass out of one -- literal ego-piano -- into all tender little stoned upright ear temples of divine magic.

So we got all hot -- in the Orphic Heat of CHRIST -- for a FESTIVAL... or possibly... FAIR... so we called IT both.

But things got a little "OUT OF HAND." That is, what was to be the FRUIT OF A FUNKY UNION got so big so fast that PROFESSIONAL ANXIETIES AND SO PROFESSIONAL WORK INTRUDED. Not all times then

were good times. WE were working IN TIME and so up tight OF NECESSITY about schedules, money, cooperation. But by the GOOD GRACE OF GOD(s) the thing came off in the HAND.... WITHIN... AND... WITHOUT....



Somewhere between 15 and 20 thousand attended. Somewhere between 11 and 12 thousand payed. (It was easy to sneak in, and that's proper if one needs to.) (And a whole lot of scalping. Money Merchants in the temple not hearing the sounds out at the gate.) The complete audit which will be published in the next issue will reveal -- in the secular sense -- that the sneaking-scalping-parking-raining-blundering will let us about break even. A few thousand was made by the charities for themselves through the concessions but the FESTIVAL itself -- and so its money for charities this year -- will probably-yes-hopefully just skim in even... (That's with most of those who worked for a month or two... as is



fitting in professional matters... getting nothing or next to nothing for working... which is etc.)

If you were out front and not preoccupied in back you attended what most experienced festival heads consider the best thing that ever happened. THE MUSICIANS WERE ECSTATIC. Many of them left little love notes of gratitude. During the festival JAMES COTTON wandered around back stage muttering, "I've never been this stoned in my whole life." It was simply the funkiest most layed-back THING most anyone had ever been involved in. Even the transplanted psychedelic orthodoxy that somehow wrested control of the Microphone for three days of didactic intrusion didn't seem to really intrude. Since there was really little desire to say NO to anything nothing much MATTERED. Even the EVANGELICAL visitors in piper-cubs who sprinkled the Festival each day with the divine NONSENSE of Christ's Coming -- as if it were some event in the near-future and not the circulating festive divinity that churned in the MUD below them -- gave an ironic gift to the festival in the person of one young man who on the last evening jumped to the stage naked and totally exhibited the corporate body of CHRIST that was now before him. He said over the Mike, "YOU KNOW I JUST HAD A FLASH: WE'RE ALL JESUS CHRIST." and then he danced with MAMA MAE THORNTON before jumping off stage back into the other body.

## Will You Be Left Behind When Christ Comes?

1. ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR PLEASURES.
2. VOCALLY CONFESS ALL YOUR PLEASURES TO HIM.
3. STUDY THE UNDULATIONS OF GOD.
4. BEGIN TO EXPECT CHRIST'S UNDULATIONS

FROM NOW ON.

FINAL

MIRACULOUSLY JOHN & OLGA SURVIVE THE BLAST WHICH DESTROYED THE EUGENICS LAB.

FUCK MAN! THAT WAS SOME BALL!

JOHN AND OLGA RESCUE THE ELECTRIC WOMB CONTAINING THE MUTANT, OMEGA-84...

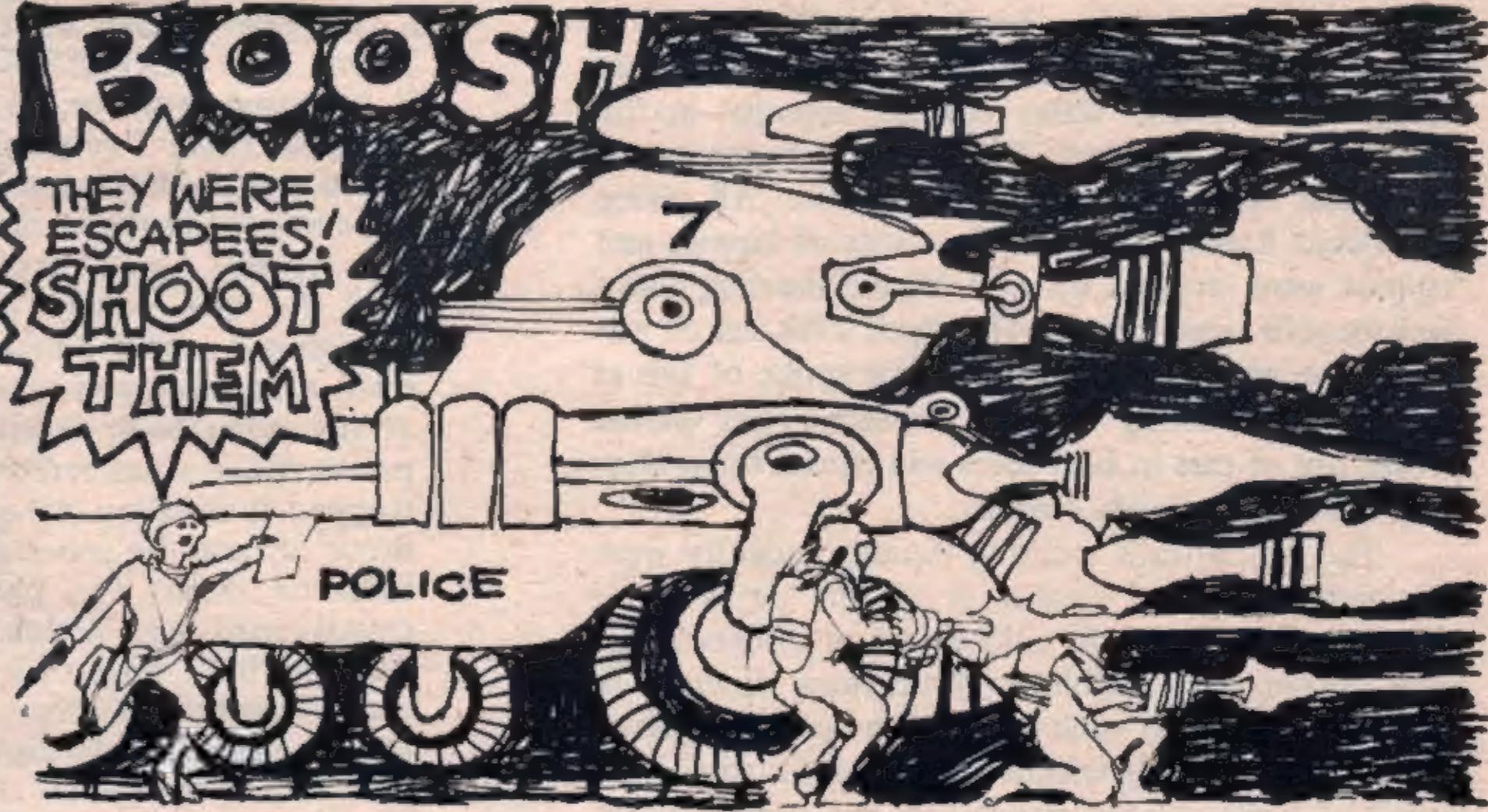
FUCK! WE'RE PARENTS!

"OMEGA-84" CREATED BY TIM HARVEY AND WALT CROWLEY 1968

DEPOSIT WASTE HERE

AND MAKE THEIR ESCAPE

PROVIDED WITH FORGED I.D. AND OTHER NECESSITIES, JOHN AND OLGA LEAVE THEIR NEW COMRADES AND BEGIN THE LAST LEG OF THEIR ESCAPE



THE ELECTRIC WOMB IS HIT AND SUDDENLY...

OH FUCK!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

# chicago . . .



Six months ago Jerry Rubin was predicting that in Chicago candidates would be down to the amphitheatre by helicopter and the city would be under armed guard. It was at that time he and others began to publicize the Festival of Life in response to the convention of death. He wanted a Festival that presented an alternative life style including music, dope, and fucking in the streets. It was fantasized that the city would burn, hookers would put acid in delegates drinks and revolutionaries would create havoc. Acid in the water system, insanity in the streets, pigs for president. The city also began to act about this time to make the city secure. All police underwent karate training. The busts of hippies and Yippies were stepped up as a Yippie meeting and a Seed benefit were busted. The April 27th march was broken up with clubs and the police spoke of this as on the job training for the summer. They pulled people out of cars to beat them and maced them after they were in the paddy wagons.

The precautions securing the city recently were tremendous. Armed guards at all the city's water supplies to prevent this acid threat, a policeman at each corner and midblock throughout downtown, and many guards at each hotel. You needed a pass to get into any building within firing range of any of the hotels at night. At the convention hall armed guards ringed the roof with high powered rifles. They could see over the chain link fence that had three strands of barbed wire on top of it. No windows were allowed open anywhere within a six block range of the amphitheatre and a sign on the bulletin board of the Chicago Sun Times stated "any photographers taking pictures through windows will be shot." Inside the cokes did not have ice for fear of delegates throwing it at each other. But on the floor there would be no uniformed police because that would look bad. This did not prevent newsmen and delegates from being beaten and arrested on the floor. My own introduction to Chicago was the news flashing in light bulb form that 5,000 National Guard had been mobilized as I got off a subway downtown.

Many months ago there were two permit requests. One for sleeping in Lincoln Park and the other for a peaceful march to the amphitheatre by the mobilization. The one for Lincoln park had hope of passing, but it didn't. The Chicago Yippies sent out a message stating come to Chicago with Armor in your Hair and pulled their name from the permit request. They did not want to fool people into thinking Chicago was going to be a pleasant place. Many of these people as well as the New York leaders were being followed 24 hours a day by the Red Squad.

People began to filter into Chicago the week before the convention and the Yippies were ready for them. Marshalls were trained, snake dance practice took place and the secret service arrested army intelligence agents taking pictures of the whole thing.

Yippie activity began on Friday when they were going to nominate Pig for President. Seven people including Jerry Rubin and Phil Ochs were arrested as well as the candidate. That afternoon when Mrs. Pig attempted to address a crowd in Lincoln Park, she and four other supporters were arrested. The keeper of the pound where the Pigs were kept was surprised

to find that they had armed guards as campaign organizers. They had not received an answer from President Johnson in regard to their telegram requesting Secret Service protection for the pig. The police guarded the Federal Building against threats of greased pigs and the zoo had guards at its pig sty.

Saturday everyone sat around in the park till 11 o'clock when the police announced curfew. Although a few didn't leave most took Wells Street in Old Town. **THE STREETS BELONG TO THE PEOPLE.** It surprised everyone including the participants and the only thing I remember is the face of a lonely scared cop at North and Wells. No one bothered him and everyone broke up after a few more blocks.

Sunday about 10,000 people gathered in the park for the weekly music concert. After some finagling a sound system was finally allowed. MC5 from Ann Arbor played and everyone sat around like at any other be-in except they were surrounded by police. When a flat bed truck tried to get in the police stopped it arresting one person. As the paddy wagon drove off and the police retreated 5,000 angry people followed them. The police began to run and the crowd sped up. Within minutes 200 police were guarding both sides of a sidewalk. For a while there was a standoff but then Allen Ginsburg quieted the cosmos with OM. As night fell, fires were set in trash cans and everyone sat around waiting. At 11, after some maneuvering, people left the park and went into the street where they were divided by shots into the air. One group went toward the Loop chanting HO, HO, HO CHI MINH THE NLF IS GOING TO WIN. They were stopped at a raised draw bridge and proceeded to break a few bank windows. The other group went to Wells Street and jammed up traffic a bit. They attempted to re-enter the park, but were turned back by the police. Monday was the opening of the Convention of Death and some of the delegates got a surprise greeting by Yippies. In the park Tom Hayden was arrested sparking an instantaneous march of 2,000 through downtown to the police station.

The police had the building surrounded and men on the roof. We walked past and went to Grant Park. There people climbed a statue with red, black and NLF flags. As people were filtering to the front of the Hilton the police charged the statue. Everyone got off except for one 18 year old boy, who was pulled off. His arm was broken and he was beaten as the police charged up and down the streets and side walks on motorcycles wildly driving into people. A rally was held and everyone filtered back north to Lincoln Park. At 8:30, another march to the hotels downtown took place under heavy guard by the police. When they got back to the park, tired and depressed, they found a barricade built against the police. The barricade was found useless as tear gas hit and the pigs came in with clubs. People spread throughout Old Town, broke a few windows and rendered many police cars useless, smashing windows, flattening tires, and tearing off doors. Tom Hayden was being arrested again downtown of false charges of spitting on an officer. That night many people went to the hospital including 16 reporters, one minister and about 50 demonstrators.

Tuesday, LBJ's 60th birthday. During the day a group of residents around Lincoln Park were meeting with the city to try to get us a permit to sleep in the park. About 8pm 2,000 from the park marched to support the wildcat strike by black transit workers. The comments of the citizens along the way were anti-pig and they wanted to know why we couldn't sleep in the park. At the demonstration an over loyal scab tried to run us over with his bus and the police arrested him when he tried to run them over too. Then back to Lincoln for the nightly battle. 200 clergy were holding a pray-in in our support. An argument was raised over whether or not we should stay in the park. The argument didn't mean anything because when the heavy layer of tear gas came in everyone left. The first cannister hit near the cross held by the clergy. As the tear gas came rolling in by huge banks of lights colored orange pink and yellow, two clergy argued over the merits of having God on their side when the pigs weren't. Everyone left and went into the streets. More windows broken, more cars smashed, more broken heads. As a Seed reporter and I were sitting on a car over come by gas and his nose was bleeding, a policeman came over and put us up against a car. We told him we were reporters, but at no time did he request identification. He had to leave, but as he was doing so he told us to go back that way, into the tear gas, and he didn't give a damn about our noses. We went back in, almost passed out, but finally made it back to the Seed office. Later in the night we went down to the Hilton where a rally was taking place with the participants in the unbirthday party. These included Norman Mailer, Jean Genet, Abbie Hoffman and others. The army had both sides of the street lined with soldiers, many of whom seemed friendly, although they had been ordered not to talk. They allowed us to sleep in Lincoln Park.

Wednesday was another morning of counting the wounded, but in the afternoon the only legal rally took place in Grant Park. People spoke and then a person took down the American flag and ran up a red one. The pigs charged with clubs swinging and tear gas singing the eyes of innocent liberals who had come to hear the speakers. Rennie Davis, Mobilization coordinator, went to the hospital with a cracked head. People reassembled and heard more people speak. A non-violent march to the amphitheatre was planned and Tom Hayden, one of the original organizers for such a march asked people to break up in groups of twenty and disrupt the whole city. The big problem with this plan was most people didn't know twenty others, so they sat down for the march. With the four thousand lined up and surrounded by



photos: jeff blankfort

the army the march began, but was stopped before it got out of the park. The leaders were negotiating with the city, but negotiations are taking place in Paris too. People began to filter through the police lines but then the tear gas stopped them again. A lone person stood on top of a car distributing free speech. We went around three blocks and got out of the park. There we met the poor people's mule train, but they had a license from Daley, so they were allowed to go on. We stood in front of the Hilton chanting Fuck Daley, Dump the Hump, Peace Now and various other things when the police made their famous charge. Just before they did it, the TV lights were unplugged, by fascist pigs, but the networks got them back on in time. The next day, the networks got an injunction against the police preventing them from interfering with newsmen in such ways. People moved back into the street and we played games with the police and they would charge, get a few, and then stop. We would back up and surge forward. Then the numbers of police began to increase so we broke up into groups of 50-300 and roamed the downtown area screwing up traffic until they gave us the park. Meanwhile up at Lincoln Park, other fighting was taking place.

At about 11:00 a rumor was being spread that a cop had been killed downtown and the police moved out of Lincoln Park when they heard this. They soon moved back in with busloads of police armed with shotguns. Slowly they occupied one corner at a time, four to a corner. Cars would go up and down the streets picking up people and helicopters flew overhead with spotlights finding people. Tear gas hung heavy over much of the area. Things soon quieted down but people smashed police cars throughout the night. COME TO RADICAL ORIENTATION. By Thursday, the convention was being torn apart in response to the police tactics being used against us. McCarthy came to speak in Grant Park calling us the government in exile and a justifiable uprising. The Wisconsin Delegation tried to lead a march to the amphitheatre but were turned back. They came back to the park and Dick Gregory invited us all over to his house for a cup of tea. We left the park, led by delegates in lines of three. I was with a girl from London who had just gotten into Chicago the day before. Explaining the political system was interesting. I thought you were a democracy. How long has it been since this happened. Etc. On the march people from windows threw us ice for rags to use against tear gas and young blacks rode bicycles ahead as scouts. We got to 18th and the word came down. Delegates would be allowed to go, but anyone else who steps off the curb would be arrested. The delegates saw the clubs and gas and some experienced them. We were chased back to Grant Park where we were gassed one more time. We reassembled singing America and a rally was held. As many as 2,000 soldiers stood in front of the Hilton. The police went into the Hilton that night and dragged McCarthy supporters out of their beds and beat them. The McCarthy people evidently had been throwing things out of the windows at the police.

The next day, demonstrators began to leave the occupied city and as soon as I was out on the plains of South Dakota it was hard to believe it had happened. Many things didn't happen that were supposed to. The blacks had not burned the ghettos, but then the army had been stationed there. Forty three black soldiers from Ft. Hood had refused to come to Chicago. 100,000 people didn't come, but then the publicity was not good, violence and all. Many people were radicalized, many more militarized and right now they are reading up on Japanese radicals and military strategy. What comes next. It has been suggested that it doesn't matter whether HUMP CAN LICK DICK or TRICKY DICK CAN GET HAPPY HUMP because the inauguration takes place in January and all our friends will be there. We won't need to have our own events, just invite the people to society's parties.

Scott White

# ...pigtown



## Cleaver & Rubin

Ever since Eldridge Cleaver surprised everybody by stating his desire to have Jerry Rubin as his vice-presidential candidate, an argument has been raging in movement over the place of Rubin, Yippies, and other assorted freaks in the revolution. Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers in New York have called the Yippies the right wing of the cultural revolution. The radical caucus of Peace and Freedom has called Rubin a madman (he does not deny it) but mostly they feel he is hard to work with, incapable of sustained political activity, and would not be the candidate who would appeal to young workers.

Those for Rubin feel he is the best organizer of youth available. The people they want to organize are high school and college students, and the dropouts of middle class culture. The people who last summer were peace loving hippies but have learned to fight the pigs in the streets of Haight, Berkeley, New York, Boston, and most recently, Chicago. They point to the fact that 2,000 people from Lincoln Park marched to show their solidarity with the black transit workers who responded by marching with them when they tried to get to the amphitheatre. As well as the people involved, there is a question of orientation.

Huey Newton stated from his Oakland jail cell, "There must be some common agreement on a goal."

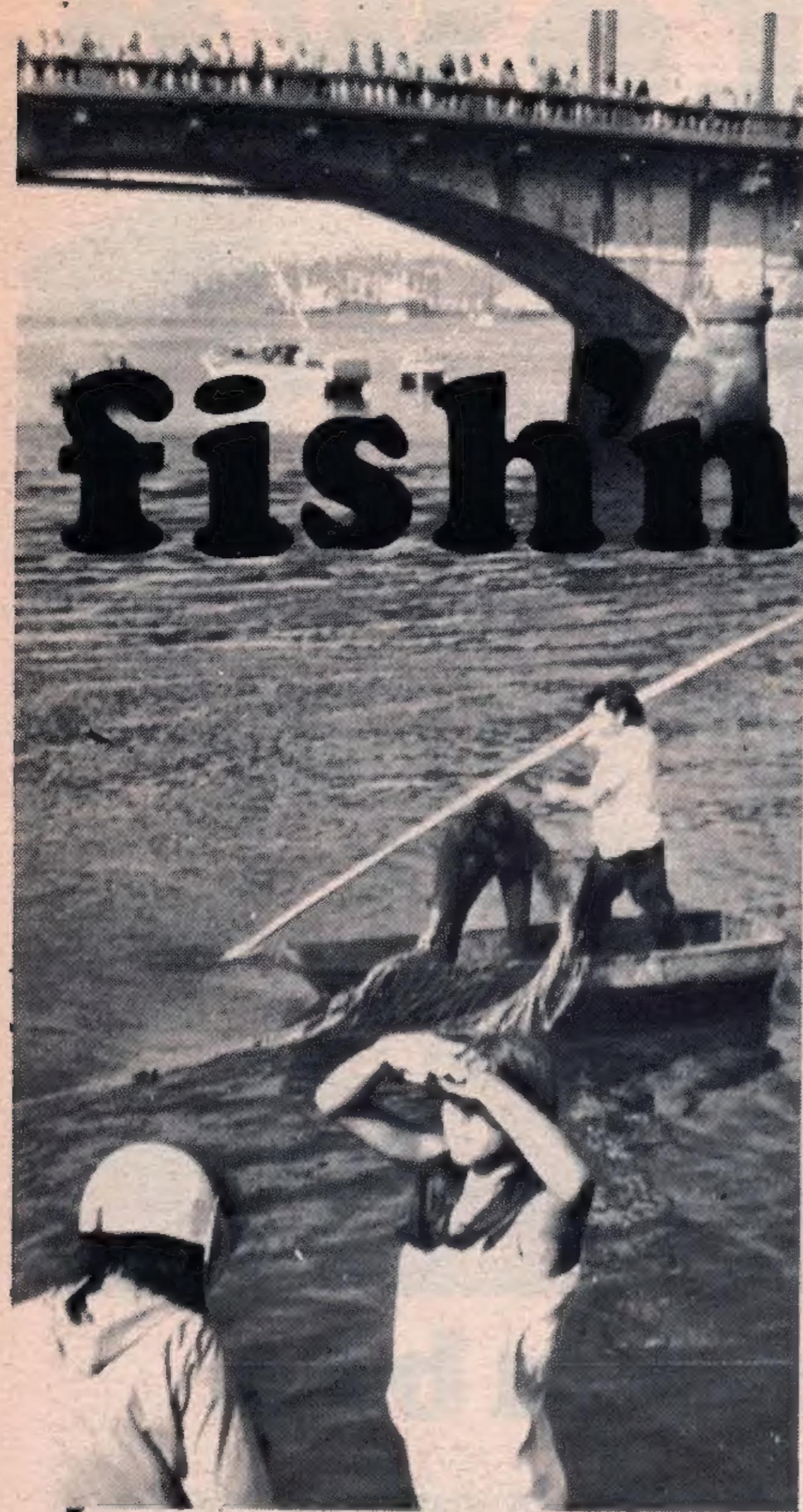
"The Yippies are more revolutionary than the political peoples. This is true in the black community as well as the white community. But the political people will serve a purpose if they can ever iron out their differences.

"Their ultra-internationalism is an escape. They call themselves Trotskyites, Maoists. But they have to come up with solutions for America. The Anarchists will be the backbone. We're better off not organized."

Despite the arguments over who is more revolutionary (a common argument these days), there seems to be a working alliance forming between the street people of the black community and the street people of the white community to fight against their common enemy.



HEAR ELDREDGE CLEAVER AT THE PEACE AND FREEDOM CONVENTION... TUESDAY SEPT. 17 AT THE SEATTLE CENTER.



SETTING AN ILLEGAL GILL NET

The latest chapter of the battle between the State Fisheries Department and the Nisqually Indians began last Wednesday in a hail of reporters, sleeping bags, and confusion. Under the auspices of the University Peace and Freedom Party as personified in Robbie Stern, a steadily growing collection of radicals of different stripes arrived at Frank's Landing, Washington, over the following five days to guard nets and otherwise support the Indians. Although there have been at this writing a number of fish caught, the main product of the demonstration seems to have been confusion and argument. Despite the disagreement, the Fish-In came off well and shows signs of continuing until October at the earliest.

What saved the Fish-In was the Pig in his various manifestations. From the first day, fish wardens and other types kept up so much pressure that the group had more important things on its mind than devining what the Trots, liberals, racists, romantics, Commies, intellectual kooks and others were up to now. Over the first five days of the demonstration, as of this writing, there have been fourteen arrests, numerous pig sightings, a mysterious telephone failure in the middle of a call to a lawyer, frequent buzzings at low altitude of the net fishing sites by state helicopters and scout planes and much suspected funny stuff.

Two incidents merit special mention. The first was a followup to the arrest of the first seven demonstrators. At the time of their arrest, all the fishermen were singing, and refused to stop on command. The county cops thereupon took away from the other prisoners in the lockup a TV, a radio and books left behind for them by Dick Gregory a short time before, and told the prisoners that the demonstrators were responsible for the loss. At the same time, they told a girlfriend of one of the arrestees to expect the six men to come out bruised and beaten because the other prisoners were pissed at them. No such luck; the prisoners had dug Gregory and dug the new group too.

The second incident requires much less explanation. Saturday night the entire Frank's Landing camp was tear-gassed. The gas was apparently of Army issue, and the highway patrolman who was called was unsurprised in

the extreme. Previous to this time, there had been on the part of many radicals in this area some feeling that maybe the homegrown cops were not the ring-tailed ogres described in the regional underground press elsewhere.

Frank's Landing people know better. Now the demonstrators do too.

The issue at stake is extremely simple. To the State of Washington, ordinary white citizens are more important than fish and fish are more important than Indians. The Nisqually have treaty rights guaranteeing them the RIGHT to fish at all usual and accustomed grounds, according to the 1854 Medicine Creek Treaty. The State of Washington, which permits industries at the foot of southern Puget Sound rivers to pollute and destroy the waters, logging companies to destroy the spawning beds by careless logging techniques, commercial fishermen to chronically overfish the runs, and sportfishermen to trample the egg beds while reel fishing for the State-planted steelhead which eat the remaining eggs, has prohibited Indian fishermen from using nets (The Law says only hook and line permitted) anywhere and from fishing at all on their own reservation river, because every last blessed fish that makes it upstream as far as the reservation is "a precious resource" to the state, which the state cannot let a few selfish Indians destroy. It does not matter that the involved Indians have made their living for generations fishing and in the thousands of years they have been in the area have not managed to do the damage to the run that the whites have done in less than seventy. It does not matter that there are no other jobs in the area at which these men and women may support their families. It does not matter that the US Constitution guarantees them the right to fish and that the state is allegedly subservient to that Law. It most emphatically does not matter that the Indians have a culture of their own which they prefer to Dan's. The state would not dream of treating a fish the way they have treated the Indians. Agents of the Fisheries Department have stolen \$250,000.00 worth of gear and sold it. They have sent Indians to jail and fined them for believing in the Law. They have beaten women like Mrs. Al Bridges, a beautiful, strong, proud woman old enough to have grandchildren, and children small enough to be those grandchildren. They arrested Hank Adams merely for telling them what they really are (They said he was fishing with an illegal net, but that is hard to do twelve feet away).

Sunday the state pig was in good form. He grabbed fisherman Frank Mau up the bank of the fish ladder by the neck. Four of them attacked and carried off a ten year old boy. In arresting those guilty of illegal fishing, they arrested three men who were, three men who weren't, tried to avoid the two women who were, but eventually took one of them anyway for Disorderly Conduct. In the process, they got two bystanders, shoved people all over the street, and generally made good pigs of themselves.

While the Fish-In was by and large a success, however the back-up organization left much to be desired: only after five demonstrators were arrested did the supporters discover that the Indian Defense Fund only covered Indians, and that they would have to dig up their own, which they had not done, and there was an incredible degree of factionalism evident.

The Fish-Ins will continue regardless, with improved organization at least. A Defense Committee has been organized to provide funds and lawyers for defense of Indians and demonstrators, and publicity for the Indians and their situation. Donations of time and money are requested urgently. If you don't have one, give the other. Everyone comes out the same when the pigs start in: black and blue. To help, contact Larry Seide in Seattle, ME 3-1906, Frosty Adkins in Bremerton, (around) Hank Adams in Frank's Landing, 1-357-9635, or call PFP at ME 2-2299 or come to the Free "U" (See last issue of HELIX for a map - accurate instructions - which will guide straight to the fishy fray.)

Cris Burke



photo by Cindy

The jury in the trial of Huey Newton found him guilty of voluntary manslaughter which has a sentence of 2 to 15 years. The jury declared him innocent of assault. His lawyer, Charles Garry, goes to court tomorrow to ask for a mistrial, plead for arrest of sentence, arrange for appeal bail, and other legal maneuvers. Oakland has been quiet since the verdict came in, however, several drunk policemen shot up the Panther office Monday night. The officers have been suspended from the force pending investigation.

Across the street in Berkeley things seem to have quieted down, although the civil disaster order is still in effect. This amounts to an anti-loitering law which is selectively enforced to keep the long hairs off lower Telegraph. The city council passed the law after several bombings and cop shootings, but the members of the Berkeley Commune contend that the law is an excuse to limit their political activity.

6

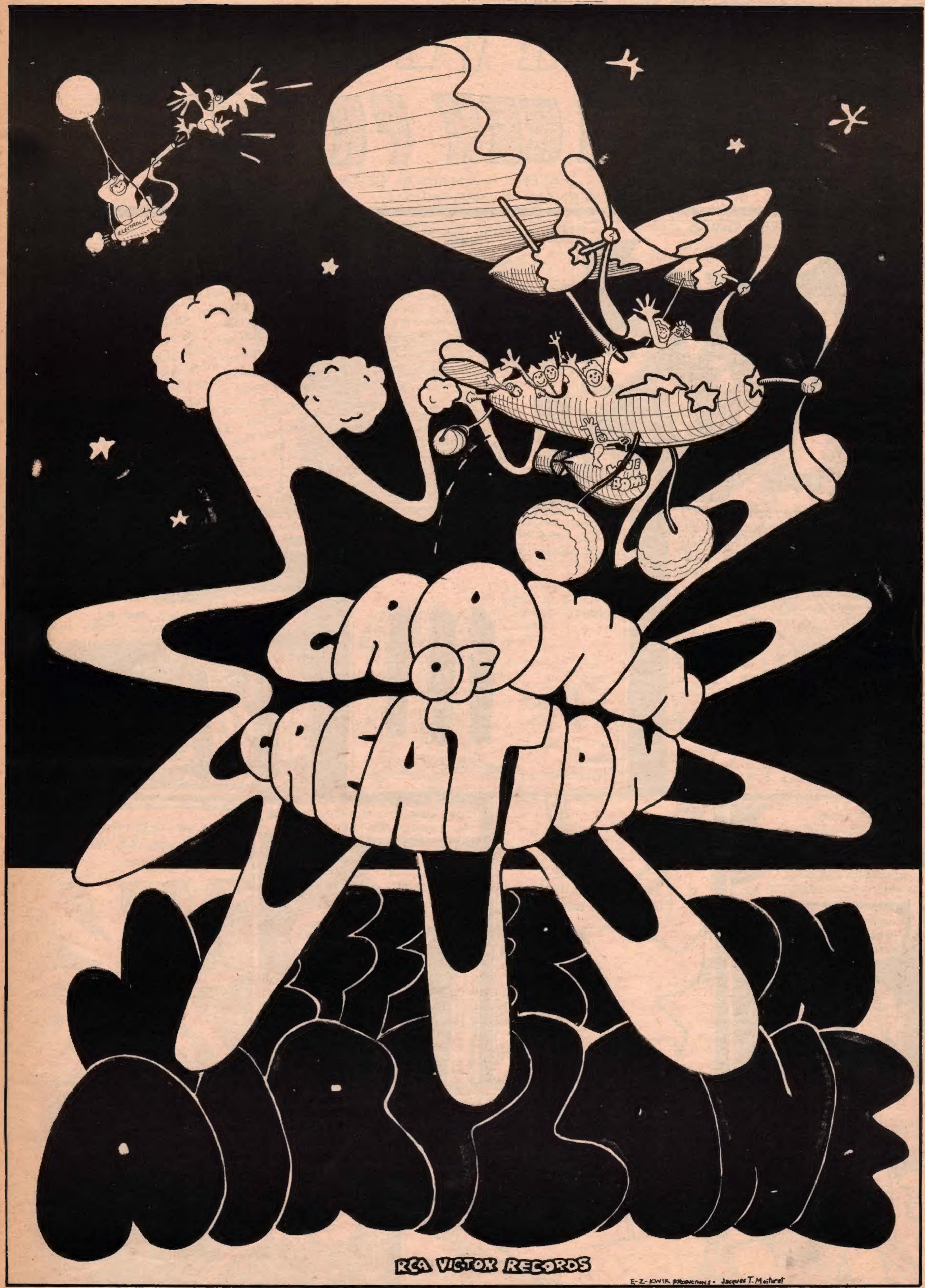
## FREE U



HAS GOT TO  
HAVE A PLACE  
IN OR NEAR THE "U"  
DISTRICT  
TO DO THEIR THING  
LARGE HOUSE  
OR SPACE  
CALL ME 2-2299  
WE NEED LEADS  
FROM PEOPLE IN THE  
COMMUNITY



CARTOONS BY GOD

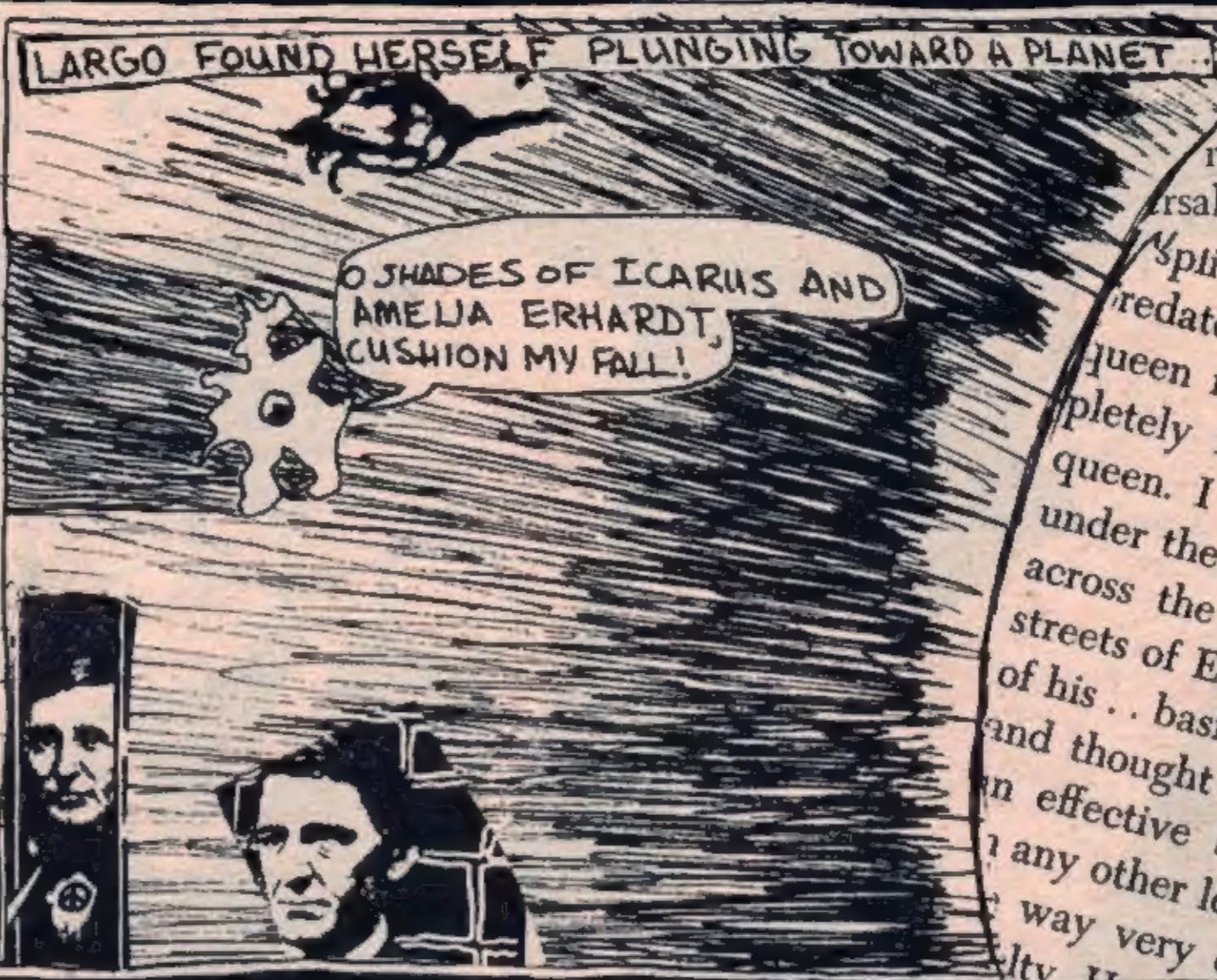
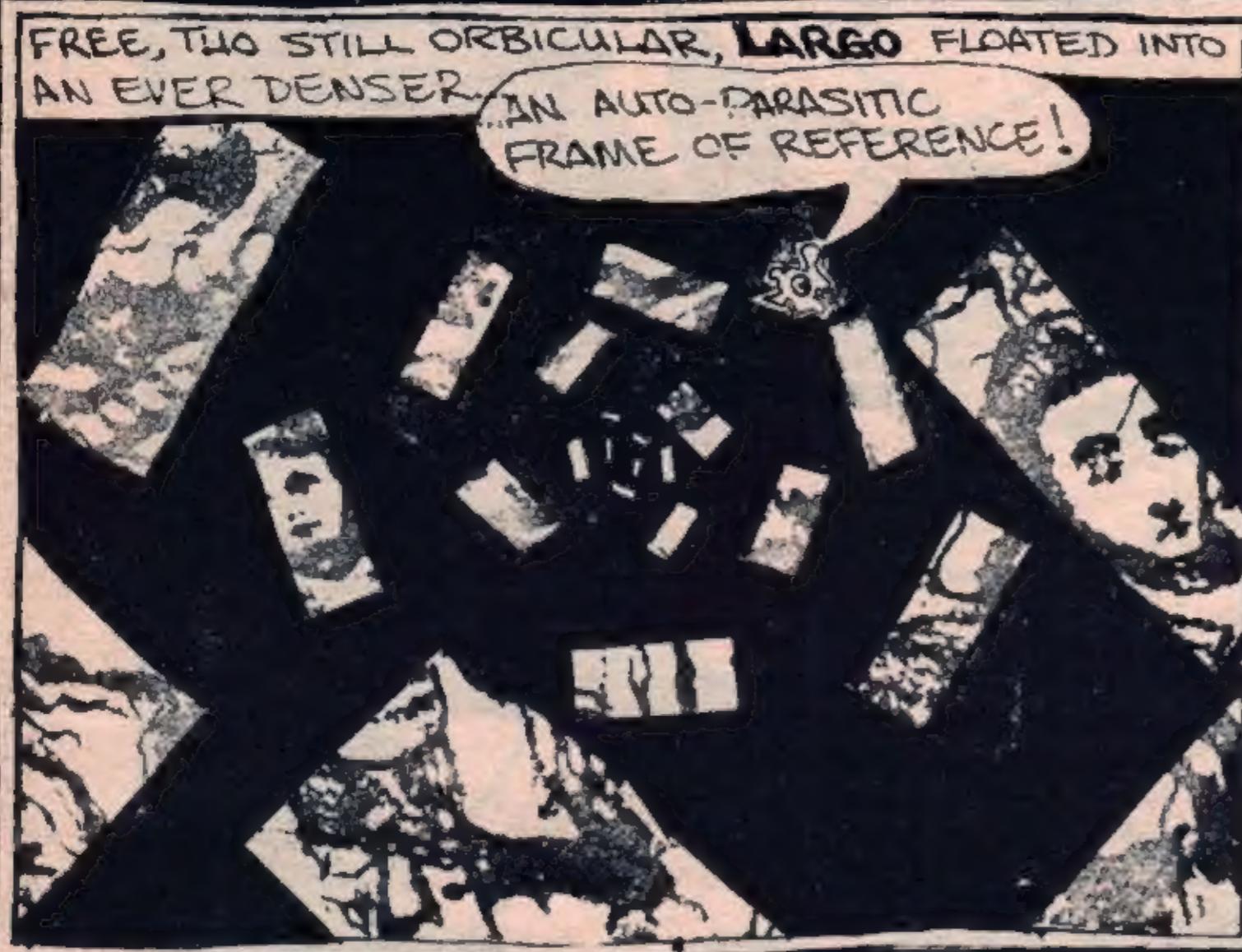


RCA VICTOR RECORDS

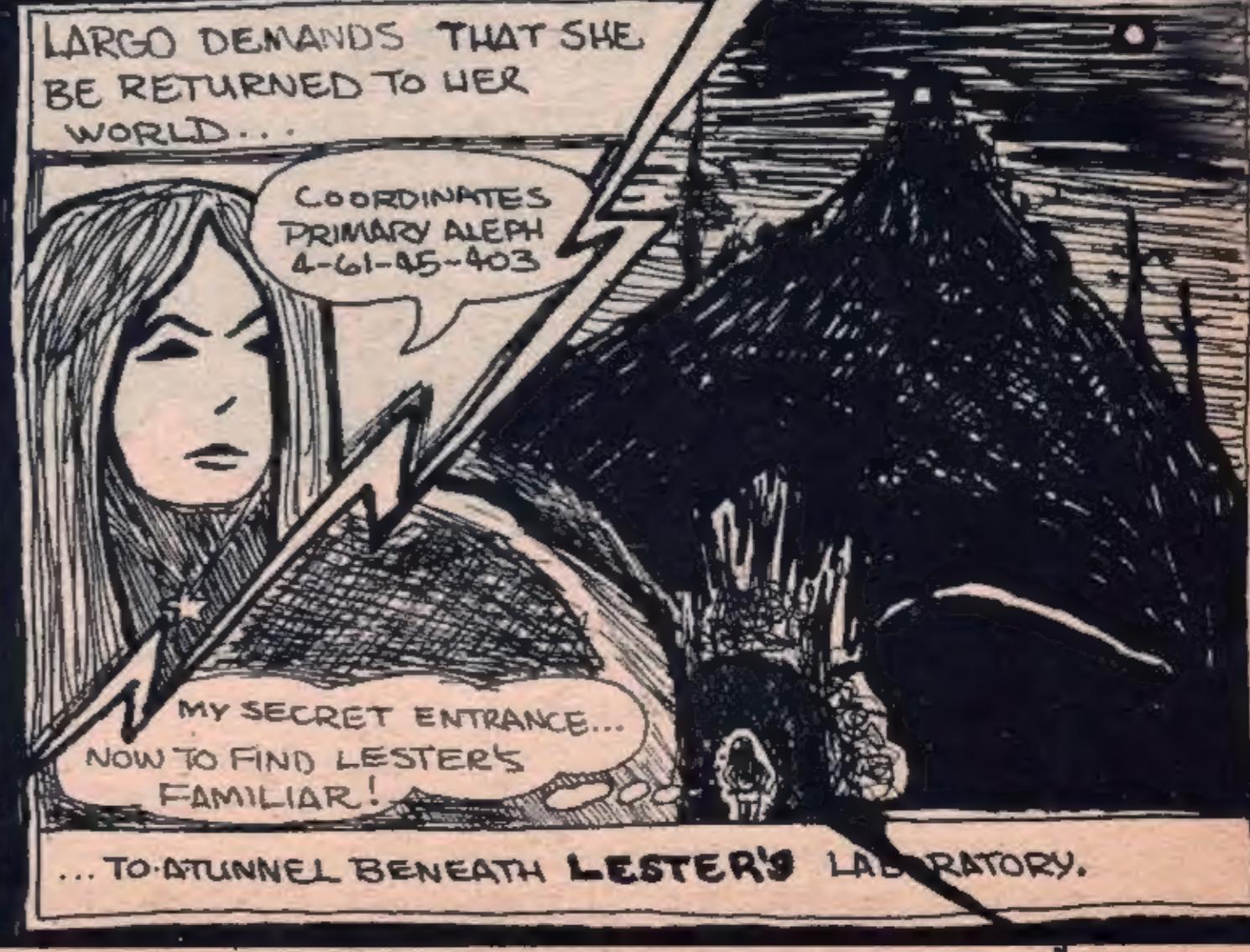
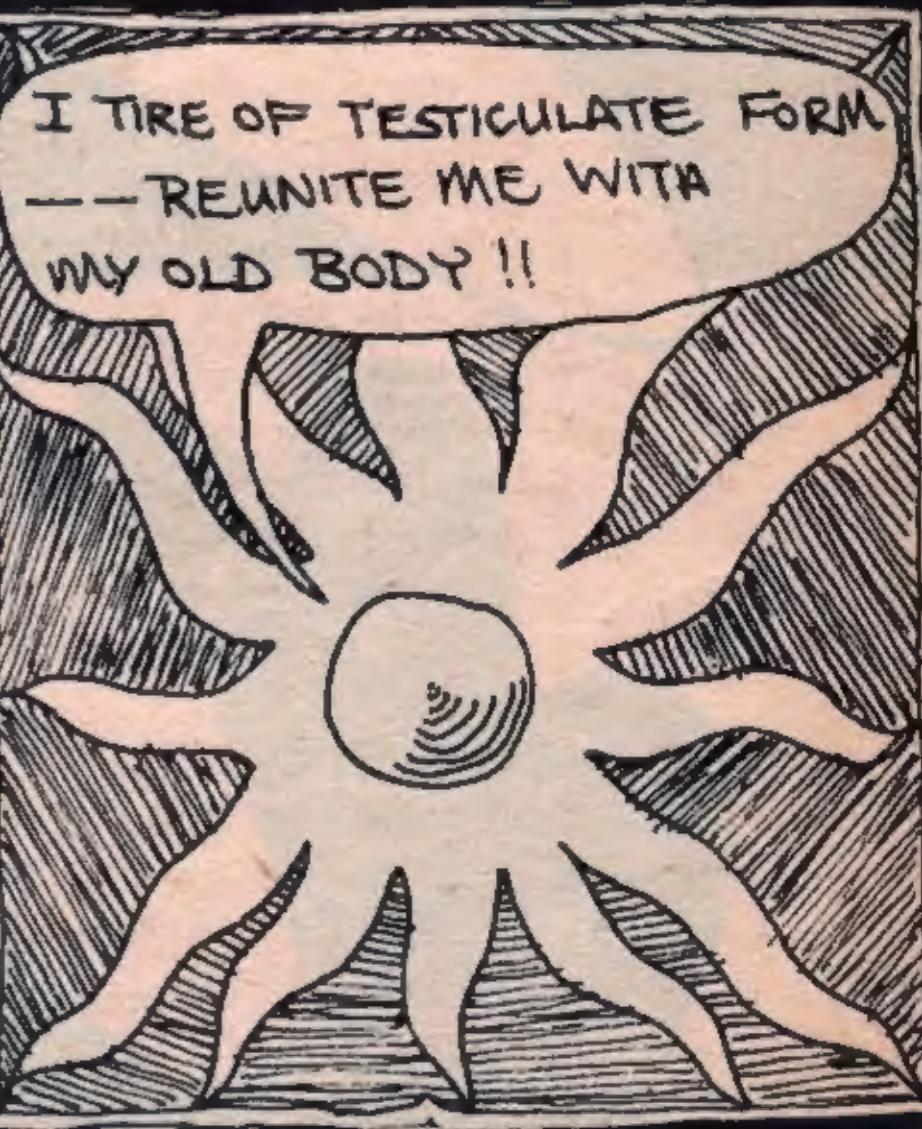
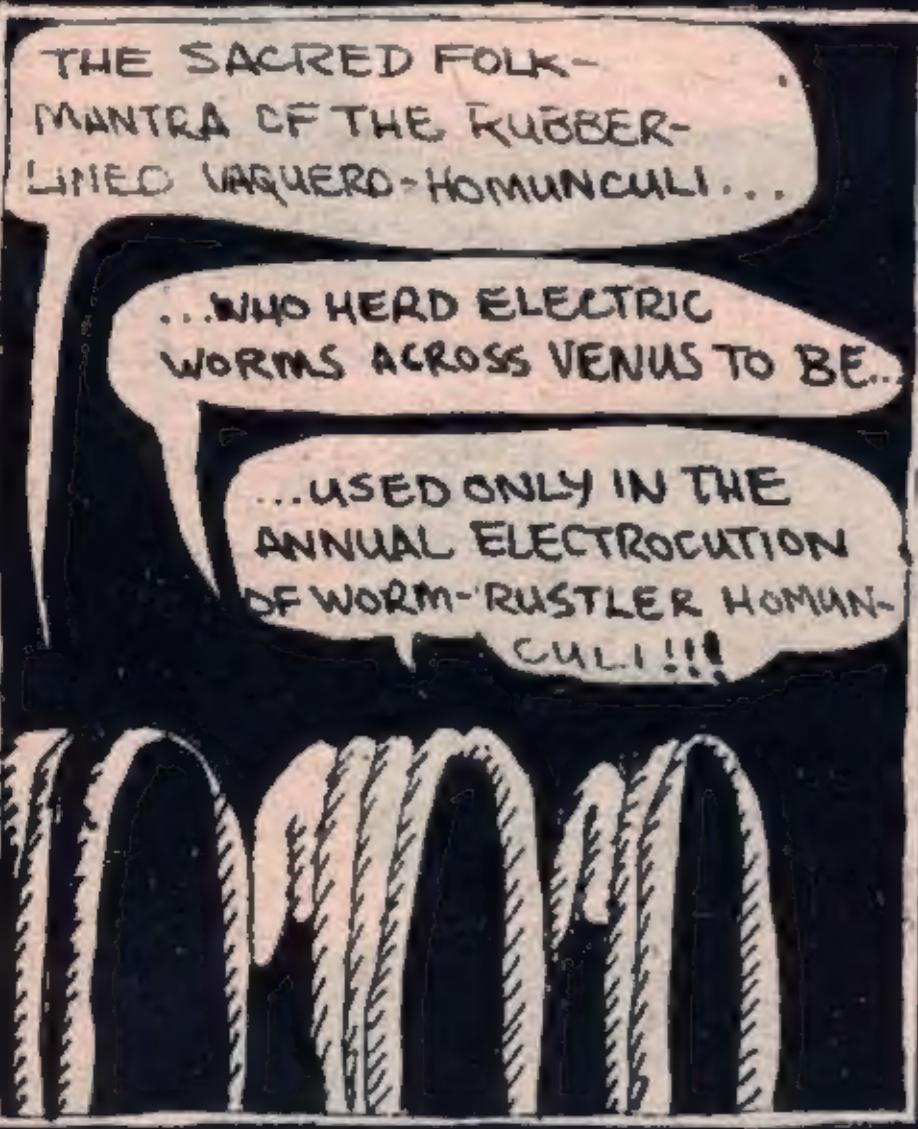
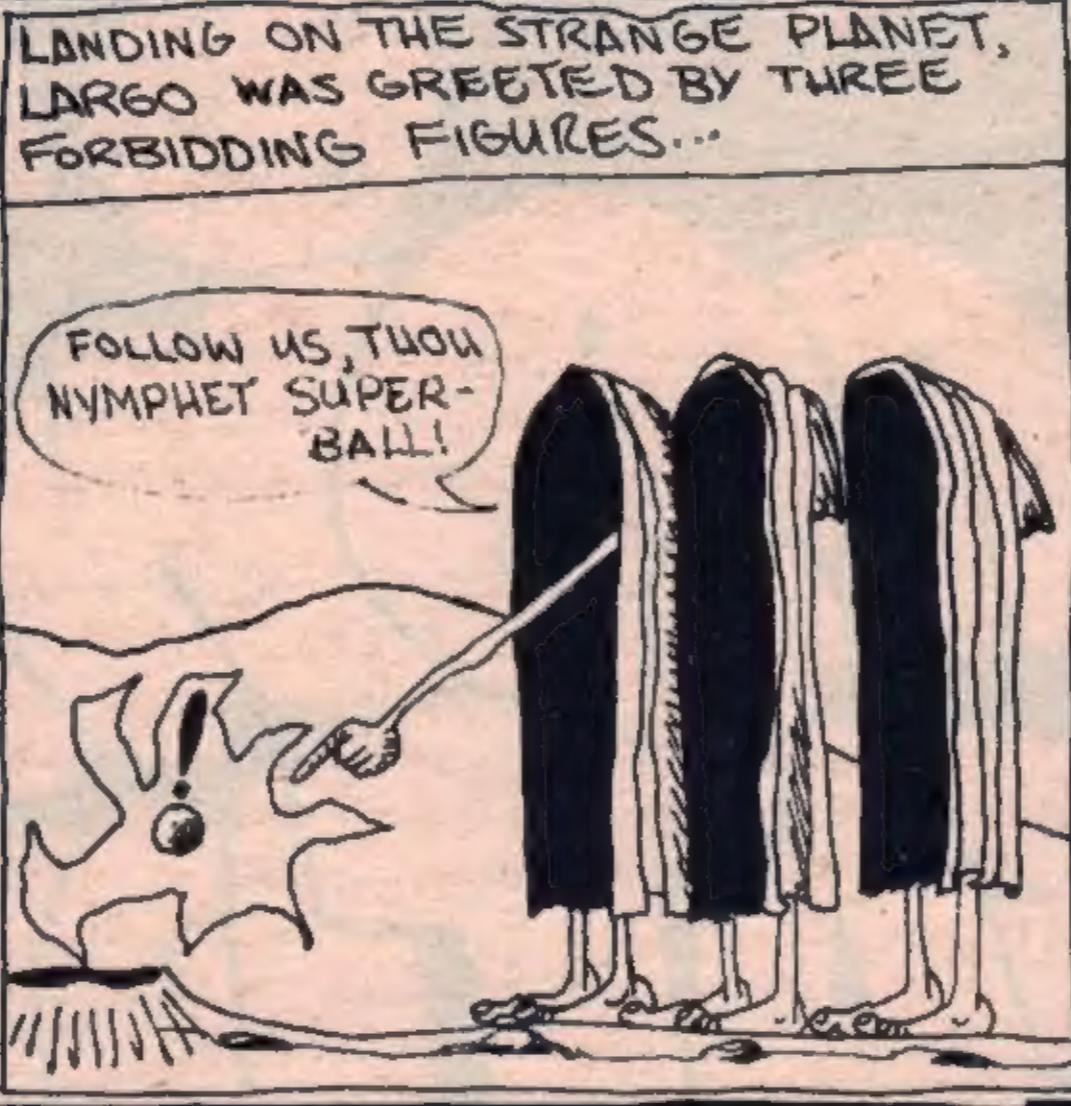
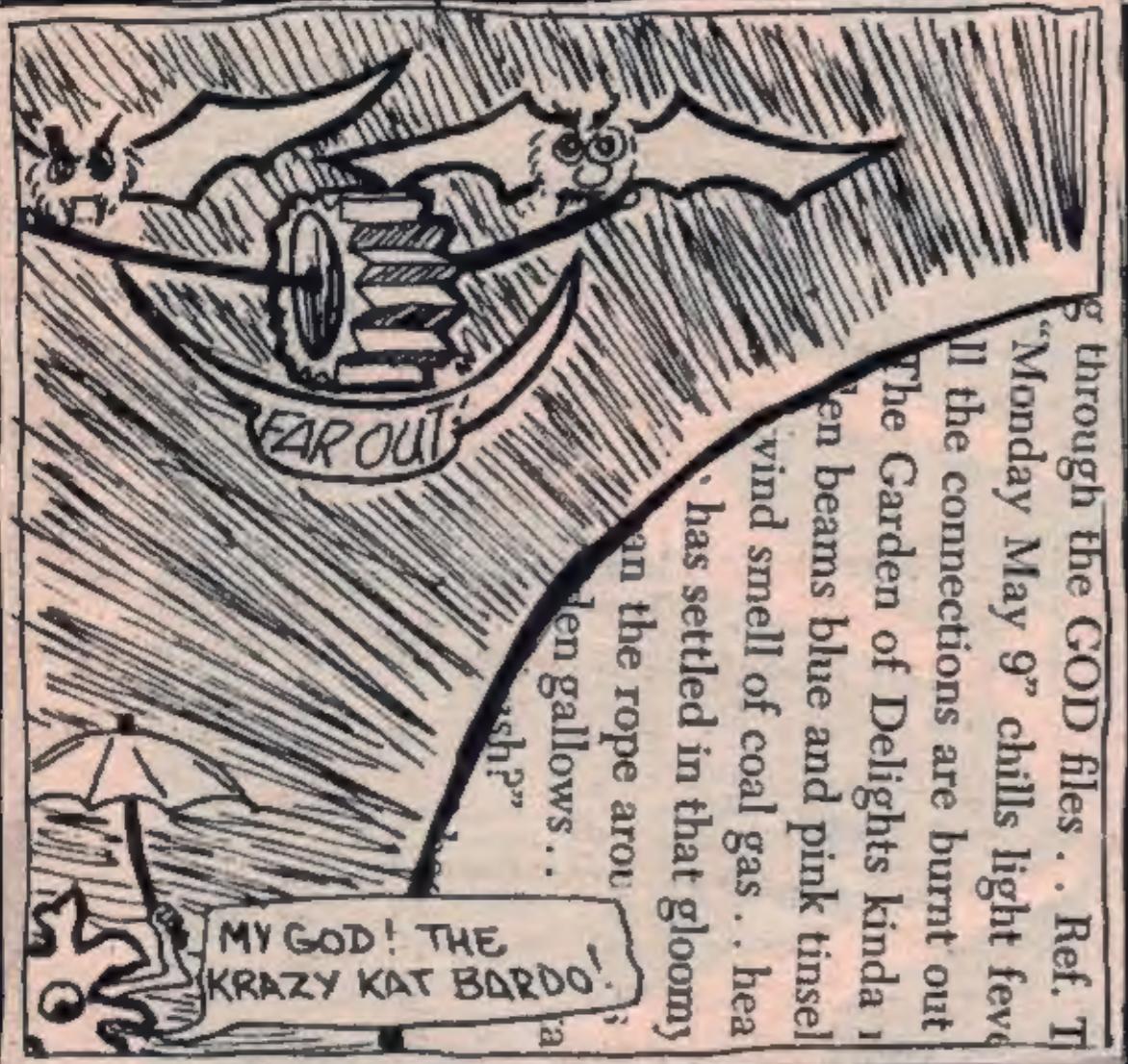
E-Z-KLIK PRODUCTIONS - Jacques T. Moisant

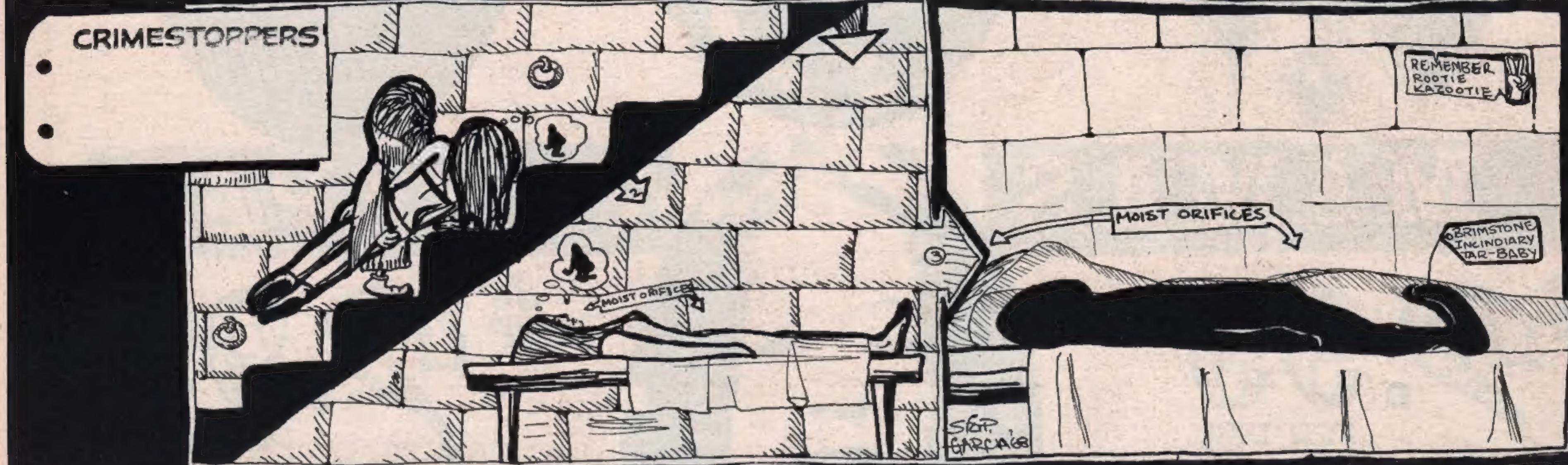
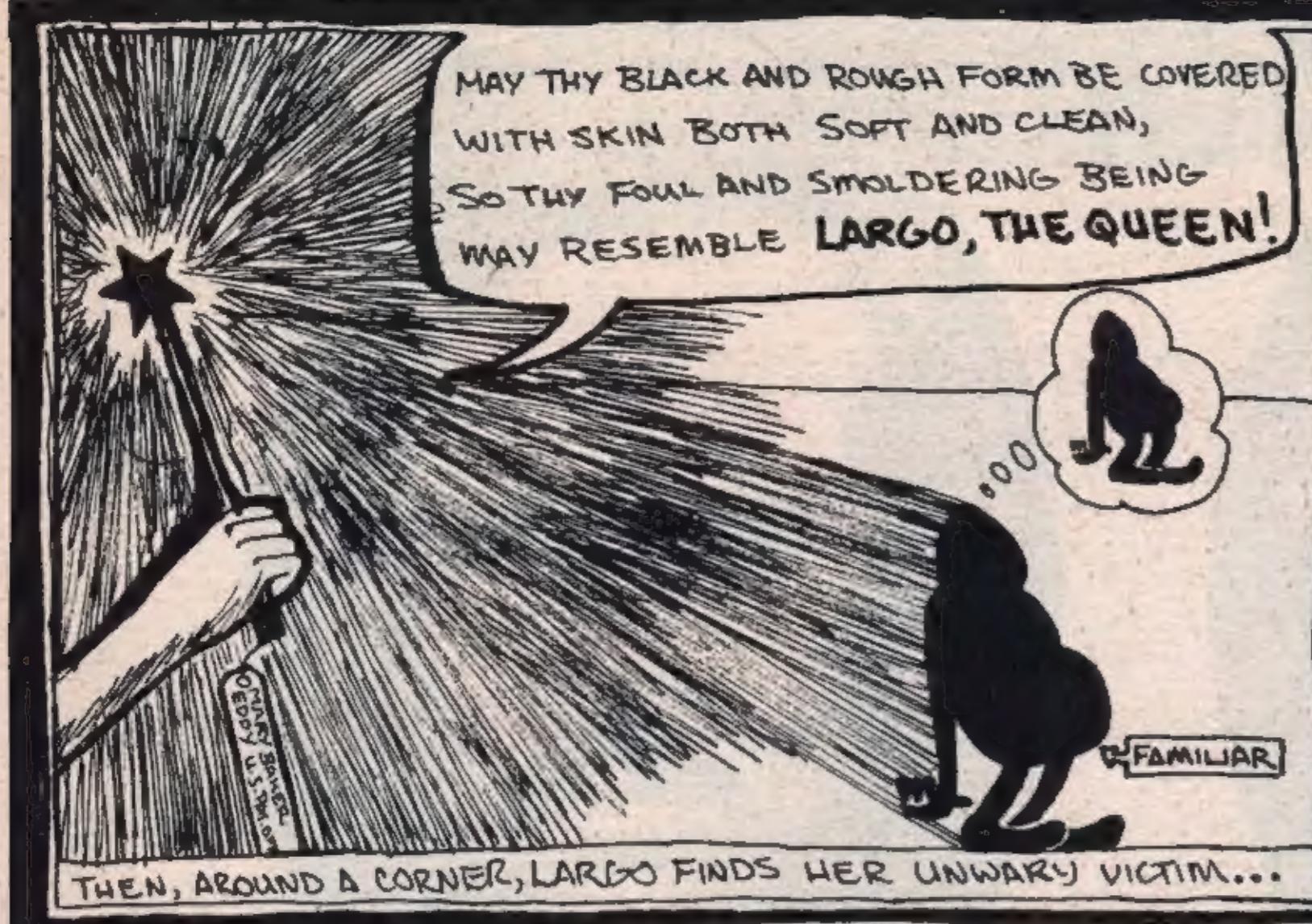
# THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF LARGO & HER FRIENDS

LAST ISH ~ LARGO WAS TRICKED BY WARLOCK LESTER, PLUNDERED BY 4 1/2<sup>TH</sup> DIMENSIONAL POET/SLAVES, AND ONLY ESCAPED BY TELLING THE ETERNALS A CHEMICAL TALE.



... contained the force called Christ. ... and join the new covenant. ... race. Let Mohammed live forever ... Universal God and with him Jesus, Buddha ... as one of the unattractive ... split his face open and something ... predatory mollusk looked out different ... queen in the first few minutes of play ... completely random moves. He won the game ... I had made my point and lost ... under the ceiling fans, on the cold winds of ... across the rubble of Lima, steaming up ... streets of Esmeraldas that flat synthetic vulva ... of his ... basically he was completely hard and ... and thought entirely in terms of position and ... in any other level simply did ... way very cr...





## DUMP TRUCK CUNNICK BABY

(BEING THE FIRST PART OF A SHORT SERIES OF CONNECTIONS MADE WHILE SITTING IN FRONT OF A TYPEWRITER AND THINKING OF FUNK.)

Scene is an old plantation: field hand says, man, I am down, hip young planter's son says boy, that's a tautology while black old gentleman in the corner casually discovers open tuning and mumbles put wheels on the thing, young massa, and it mite roll some. We could call it blues?

Funk, at least as a factor in the evolution of the young, white middle class, seems to be particular to the U.S. From Gus Cannon and the early String bands down thru the Holy Modal Rounders and KweSkin, it drifted to my very head today.

I spent a couple of afternoons a few months ago talking to a young anarchist-radical from France, who was touring various US underground papers, etc. as a sort of roving representative of Situationiste-Internationale.

He had a curious sharp European intelligence, which I enjoyed—I was somewhat less articulate and had a few more supermarkets in my background—but we agreed with each other on most things and were happily engaged in exchanging anarchic daydreams until we arrived at the guerilla jugband. I had a long-cherished vision of a group of musicians ascending to the 4th floor of the Bon Marche, singing four verses of "She Done Sold It Out," and fading back into the indigenous populace—maybe just running like hell.

We agreed that it would blow minds, but when I began explaining that trying to shock people, who were raised on plastic & Hearst, with monumental Ugly was futile; and that the aim of the musicians should be to try to turn people on to what they were playing, he was almost shocked. "But that's entertaining the Bourgeoisie!"

At that point, communication between us went sort of sterile: he was a hard-core product of European universities, and considered art a commodity and therefore corrupt. But he wasn't simply turned off by commodities; he drank American beer—a part of the same system that is producing Napalm, etc.

Art was a special case because—tho he would not be likely to admit it—he was a puritan and art was still on a pedestal, albeit a reverse one. Hi-Culture WAS his art, still part of an intellectual-bohemian tradition, and he was shocked that his semi-private virgin was soiled.

I, on the other hand, am a disobedient but still faithful child of the middle class. With the exception of poetry, the art with which I am most involved is incapable of being compromised by proximity with the corporations. Comis strips, rock music and strange posters aren't whores; they're incestuous daughters. The musical ideas that I formed from Chuck Berry and Elvis were only slightly warped when I returned to rock via Dylan and Sleepy John Estes. Song lyrics utilize simple, even structures and somewhat bent traditional techniques. From Walt Kelly (genius) & Al Capp (great tho offensive sometimes) I moved to Odds Bodkins & BC, and then to Mod Love and Mr. Natural. Even experimental comic strips bend a bit of popular convention, while relying on dozens of established techniques. (Incidentally, screw Lichtenstein along with Bellow.)

I tend to be far more faithful to America than a brilliant, young musician who does as his family & friends suggest, accepts a PTA/Kiwanis

scholarship to the conservatory, comes home, and spends several decades looking for a gap in the Muzak curtain.

The "underground" musicians—brief vision of catacombs and small huddles of avid music lovers—probably sell more records than there were people living overground in Athens from the first archaic smile to the end of the Golden Age.

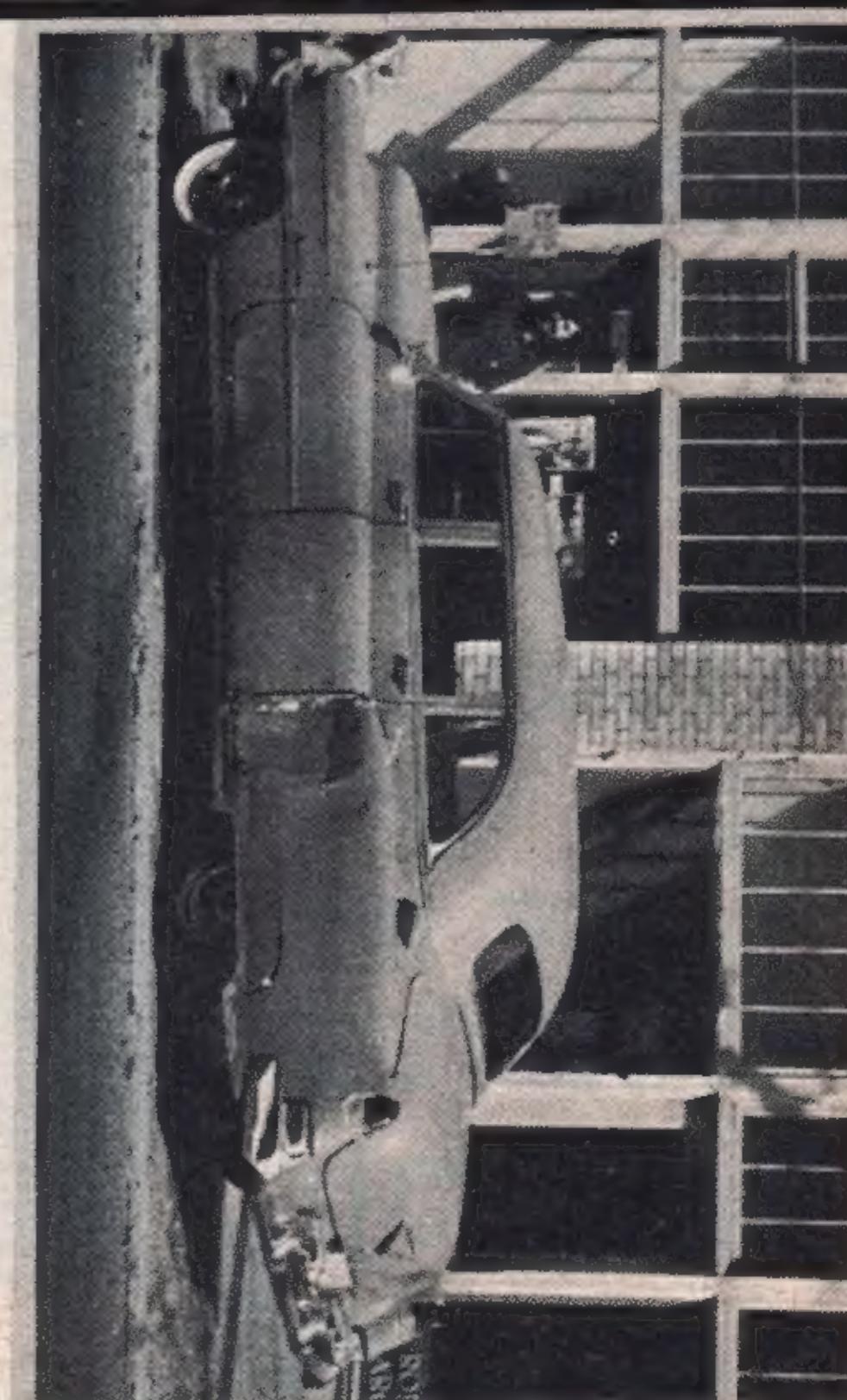
When I (you? he?) felt like being creative, I used forms which I had heard whispered by dirty little peers in the street. Not Marshall's famous TV—which hurts my head a lot & is besides a little difficult to experiment with on a three dollar budget—but tonic/subdominant/ dominant progressions and little balloons trailing bubbles meaning "thought."

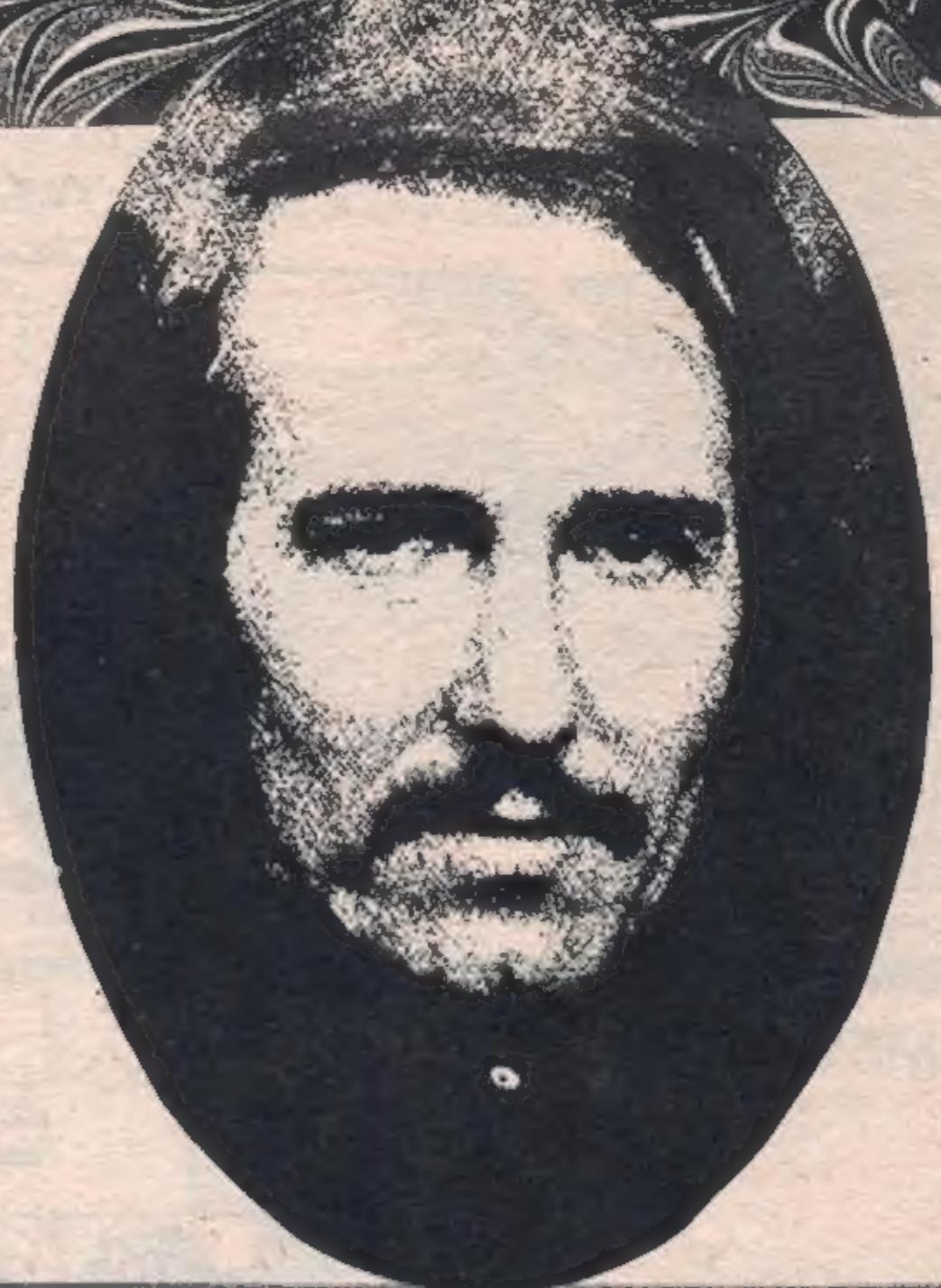
Even the paper you are reading is a small scale mass product: look at the full page record ads—They gave Us Money for those—and there are probably 14,999 other copies floating around just like yours. Compare that with the circulation of REALLY GOOD little mag. Even the synthetic world produces folk art; everybody needs some kind of briar patch to keep the bears from their heads. And you can avoid a lot of punctures if you can warp the one you were born and raised in to fit your new, slightly warped needs.

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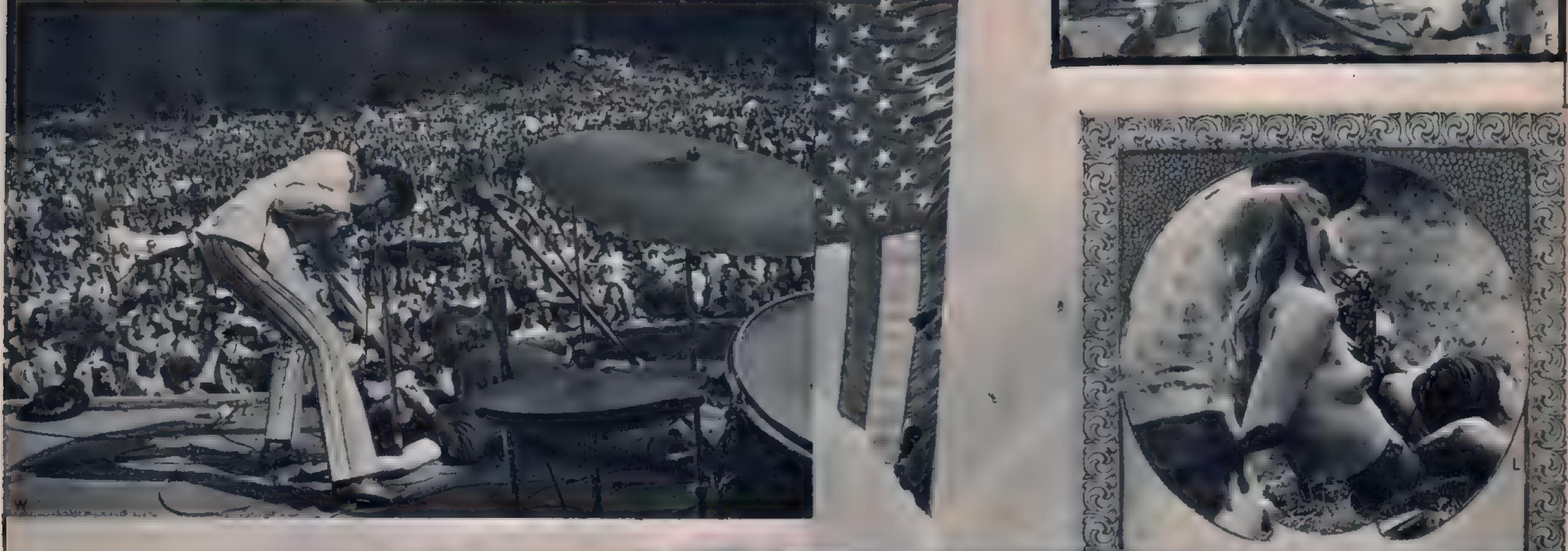
Local sales tax on Washington residents.

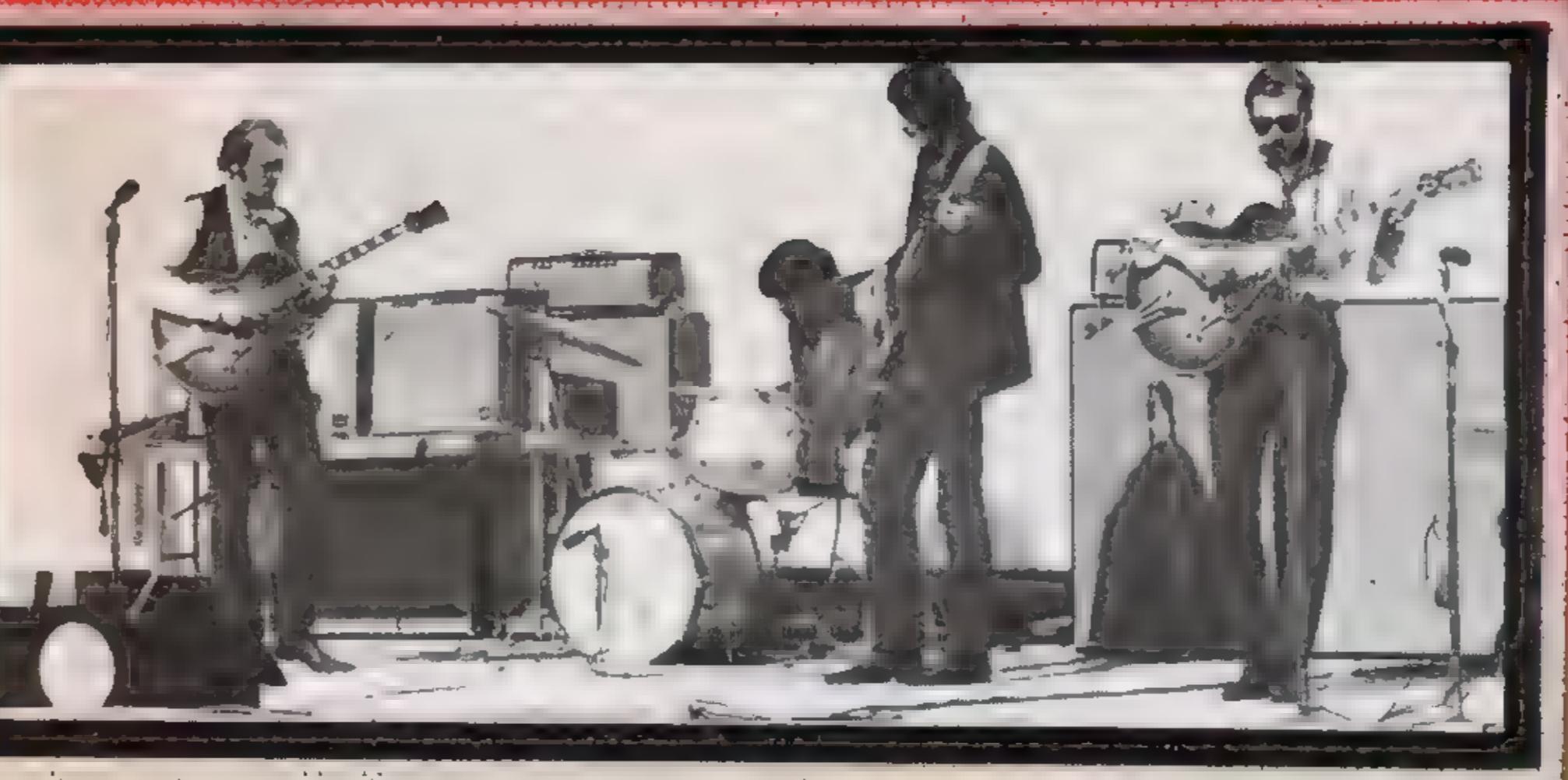
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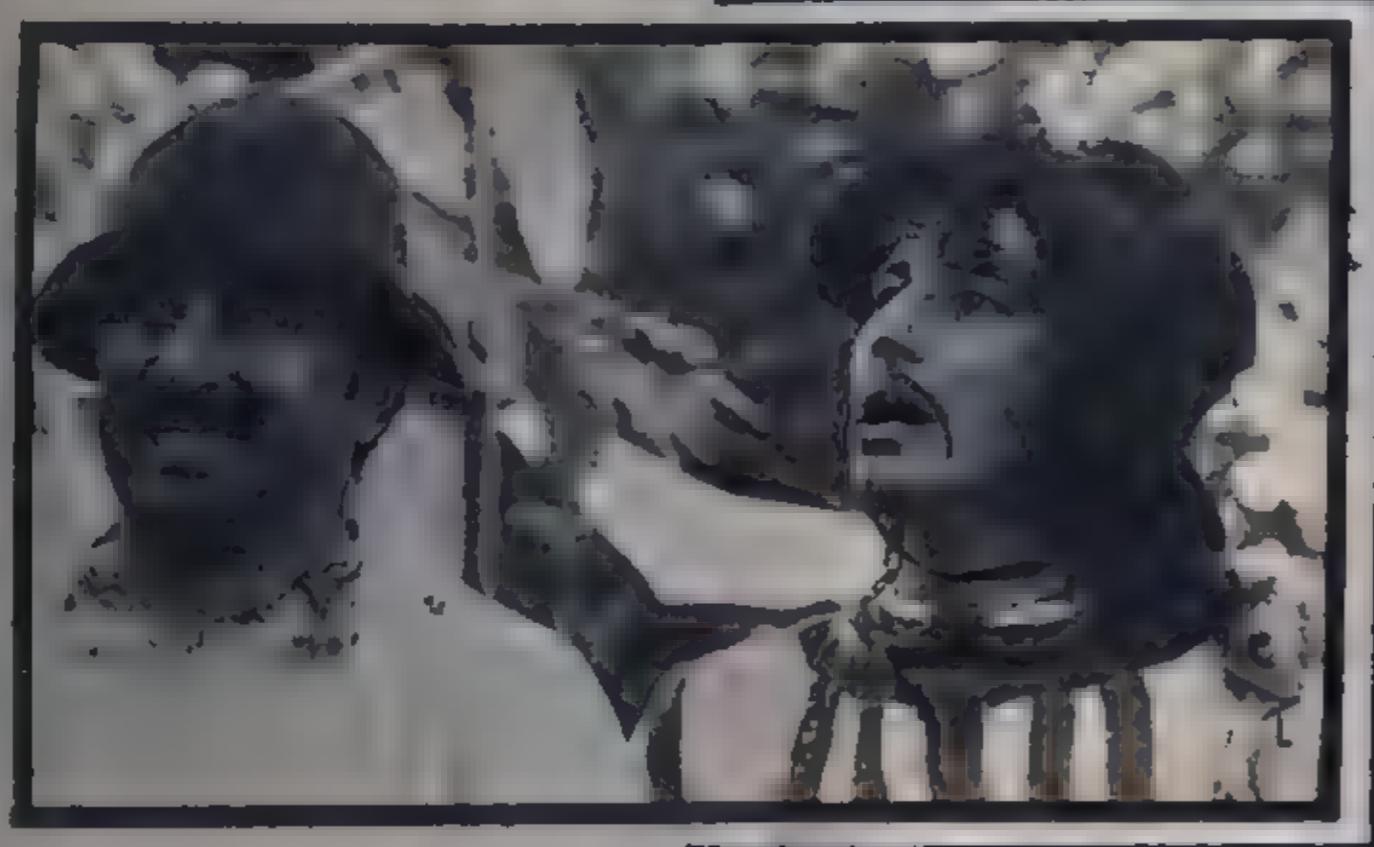
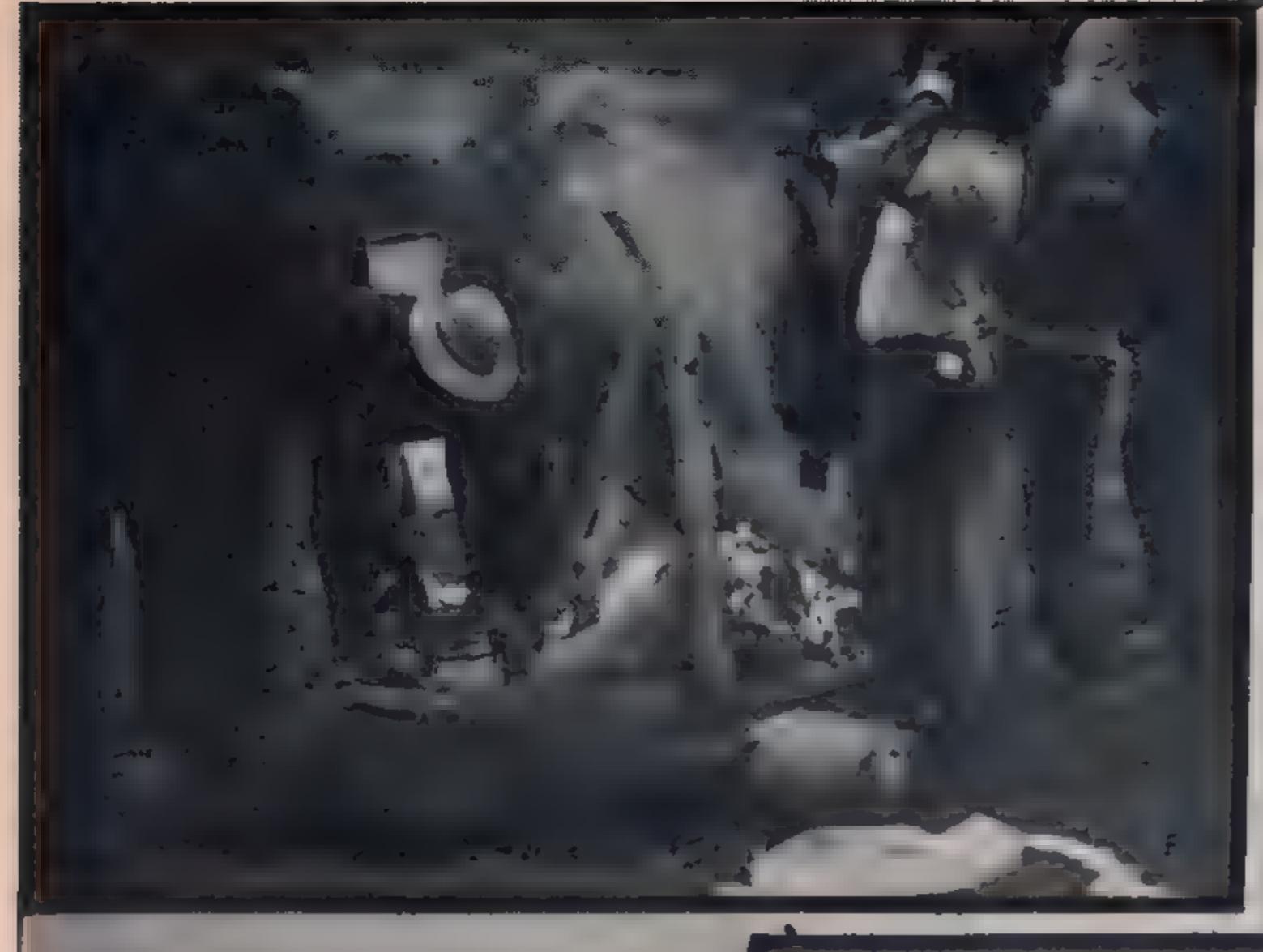


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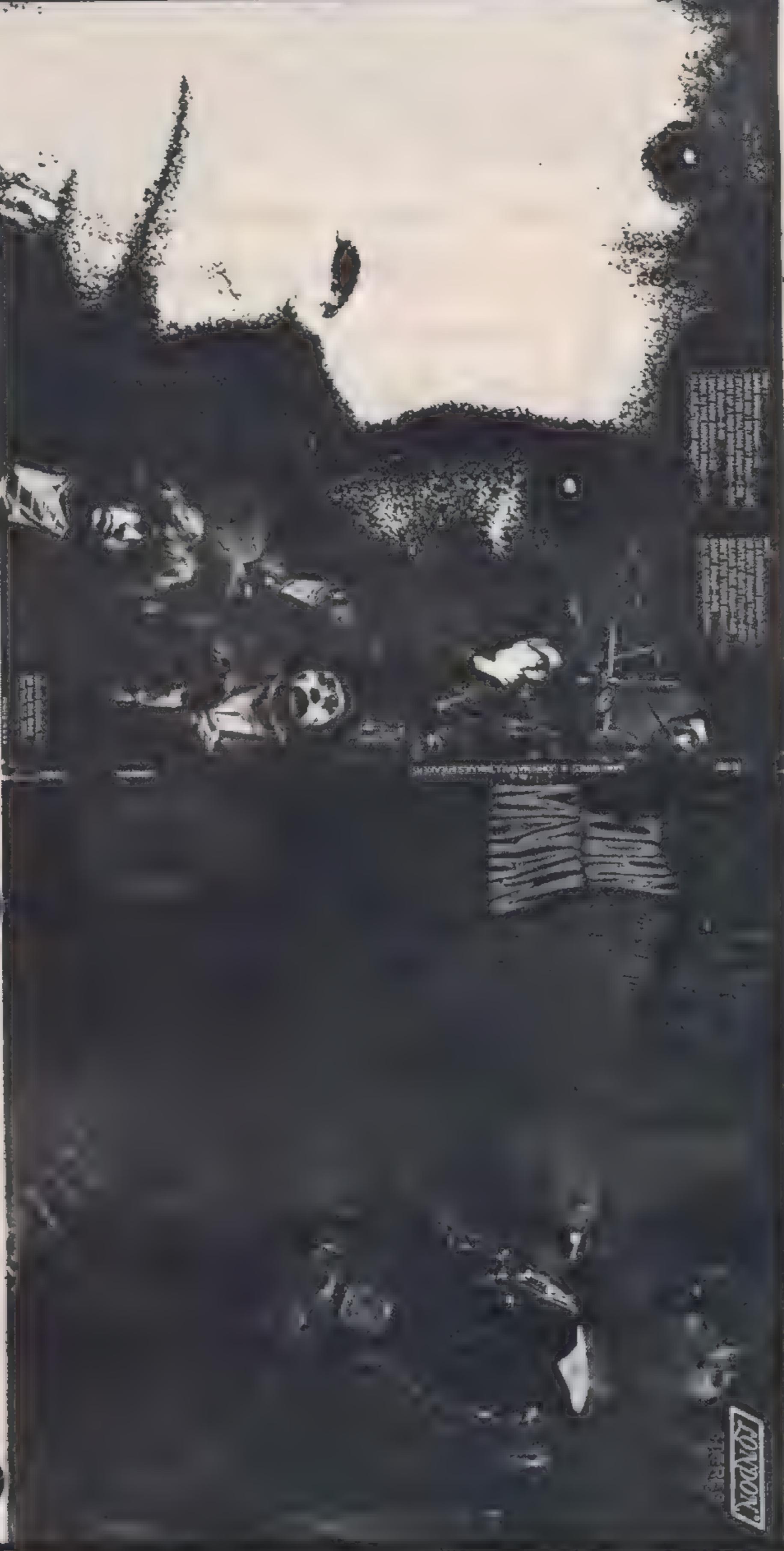
R. FRANK  
E. LOWE  
K. WRIGHT  
N. S. S. JOHN







MAXWELL  
MOTION  
BLUES  
BREAKERS

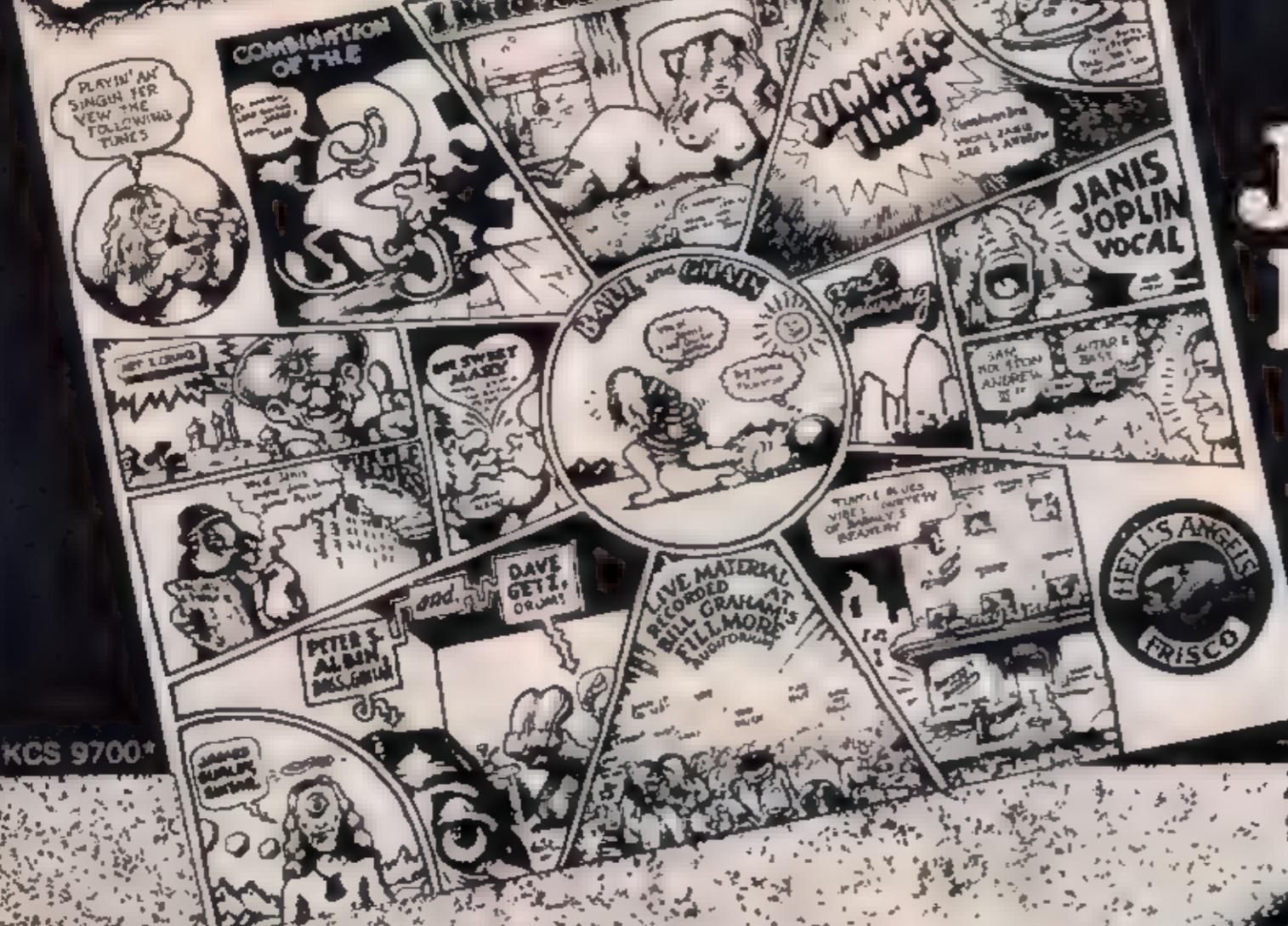


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CHEAP THRILLS

BIG BROTHER  
& THE  
HOLDING COMPANY



KCS 9700\*

# Janis Joplin. Big Brother and The Holding Company. They're going to wipe you out.



It is a blues voice, ragged and painful but somehow beautiful and moving at the same time, a voice which has learned from Bessie Smith and Dinah Washington and Esther Phillips and Big Mama Thornton ... but it is a voice unique with Janis.

(She) totally abandons herself in each song, coming on very gutty and completely overpowering.... Each performance has the agonizing intensity of a woman giving birth. *Pete Johnson—Los Angeles Times*

Janis Joplin is the greatest white female singer around. *Rat*

Janis Joplin is where it's at, where it's been and where it will be. *Hullabaloo*

Her singing is a celebration—her voice and body hurled with larruping power that leaves her limp. And this member of the audience feels that he has been in contact with an overwhelming life force. Part of that life force is an open sensuality. *Nat Hentoff*

Janis is fire... one feels heat and sees red sundowns.  
Janis sings with her body—rough, gutsy, possessed.  
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From the sound in the grooves right on out to the cover of their new album, they kick and scratch and bite and work your ears over with unforgettable impact.

You've heard their fantastic "Piece of My Heart" 444626 single on the air. So you know the talk is true.

On COLUMBIA RECORDS

# LADIES PAGE



## we protest

### (1) THE DEGRADING MINDLESS-BOOB-GIRLIE SYMBOL.

The Pageant contestants epitomize the roles we are all forced to play as women. The parade down the runway blares metaphor of the 4-H Club county fair, where the nervous animals are judged for teeth, fleece, etc., and where the best "specimen" gets the blue ribbon. So are women in our society forced daily to compete for male approval, enslaved by ludicrous "beauty" standards we ourselves are conditioned to take seriously.

### (2) RACISM WITH ROSES.

Since its inception in 1921, the Pageant has not had one Black finalist, and this has not been for a lack of test-case contestants. There has never been a Puerto-Rican, Alaskan, Hawaiian, or Mexican-American winner. Nor has there ever been a TRUE Miss America—an American Indian.

### (3) MISS AMERICA AS MILITARY DEATH MASCOT

The highlight of her reign each year is a cheerleader-tour of American troops abroad—last year she went to Vietnam to pep-talk our husbands, fathers, sons and boyfriends into dying and killing with a better spirit. She personifies the "unstained patriotic American womanhood our boys are fighting for." The Living Bra and the Dead Soldier. We refused to be used as Mascots for Murder.

### (4) THE CONSUMER CON-GAME

The Pageant is sponsored by Pepsi-Cola, Toni and Oldsmobile—Miss America is a walking commercial. Wind her up and she plugs your product on promotion tours and TV—all in an "honest, objective" endorsement. What a shill.

### (5) COMPETITION RIGGED AND UNRIGGED

We deplore the encouragement of an American myth that oppresses men as well as women: the win-or-you're-worthless competitive disease. The "beauty contest" creates only one winner to be "used" and forty-nine losers who are "useless."

### (6) THE WOMAN AS POP CULTURE OBSOLESCENT THEME.

Spindle, mutilate, and then discard tomorrow. What is so ignored as last year's Miss America? This only reflects the gospel of our society, according to Saint Male: women must be young, juicy, malleable—hence age discrimination and the cult of youth. And we women are brain-washed into believing this ourselves!

### (7) THE UNBEATABLE MADONNA-WHORE COMBINATION

Miss America and Playboy's centerfold are sisters over the skin. To win approval, we must be both sexy and wholesome, delicate but able to cope, demure yet titillatingly bitchy. Deviation of any sort brings, we are told, disaster: "You won't get a man!"

### (8) THE IRRELEVANT CROWN ON THE THRONE OF MEDIOCRITY.

Miss America represents what women are supposed to be: unoffensive, bland, apolitical. If you are tall, short, over, or underweight The Man prescribes you should be—forget it. Personality, articulateness, intelligence, commitment—unwise. Conformity is the key to the crown—and by extension, to success in our society.

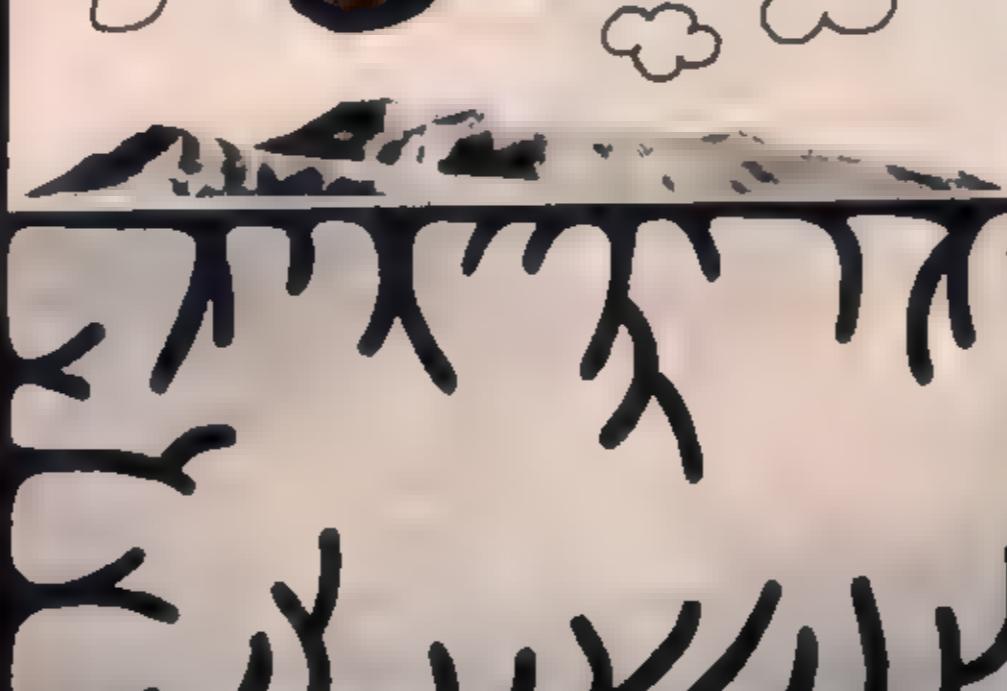
### (9) MISS AMERICA AS DREAM EQUIVALENT TO--?

In this reputedly democratic society, where every little boy supposedly can grow up to be President, what can every little girl hope to grow to be? Miss America. That's where it's at. Real power to control our own lives is restricted to men, while women get patronizing pseudo-power, an ermine cloak and a bunch of flowers; men are judged by their actions, women by their appearance.

### (10) MISS AMERICA AS BIG SISTER WATCHING YOU

The Pageant exercises Thought Control, attempts to sear the image onto our minds, to further make women oppressed and men oppressors; to enslave us all the more in high-heeled, low status roles; to inculcate false values in young girls; to use women as beasts of buying; to seduce us to prostitute ourselves before our own oppression.

NO MORE MISS AMERICA!



'Miss America Starlet'



### FOR THE WORKING GIRL

Jean Andre

In appraising the rustlings of the Flower-Powerites, I've often found myself murmuring assent. However, on occasion, dissent has been my impulse.

Take, for instance, the matter of free love. I'm against it. But trying to explain why has been like attempting to describe phantom-limb syndrome to a man (or woman) with a full quota of appendages—each equipped with six digits. I couldn't understand what I was saying myself, and neither could they. But then, suddenly, this morning, I came to abrupt comprehension. Looking back down the telescopic, murky corridor known, in bad fiction, as the past, I saw—in diminishing sequence, and espaliered with dust—the million and four doorbells rung for candidates who never made it; invitations to join worthy causes, beseechingly authored and blithely rejected; and knees. Knees jerking repetitively in repetitive and fruitless marches. A chronicle of human intercourse on a grand scale—but not much different, I realized, from petit communion.

It is, of course, an inviolate rule of any game into which human beings enter, that one player shall lose and the other win. And although victory is often unintentional, the tenet is so fundamental few fail to grasp it. Nonetheless, they enter into the competition willfully, gambling all for the temporary reward of what Eric Berne calls the "stroke."

The unfortunate aspect of these encounters is that losses are unnecessary. Even in sex. This discovery is, plainly, one that earliest man (or was it woman?) made. Marriage was, subsequently, invented. And prostitution came to be regarded as a profession. These ancients knew that pleasure alone was insufficient recompense for union; that, as two men of the same age and size might run together, they will inevitably finish separately. Just as any two humans coupling, because of their varying needs and capacities, will never experience equal joy.

Initially the losses may be of such negligible measure they are neither noted nor felt. But as any practitioner (of footracing, of causism, of love) with tenure will admit, they ARE cumulative. So how can human intercourse be divested of its ego-defeating properties? With money, of course. And only with money. It doesn't much matter who pays whom, just as long as the exchange takes place. Each participant then understands that the proposition is a business one, there is no risk of emotional hangover.

Marriage is, obviously, the most familiar example of such a barter system, albeit with genteel variations. The partner of greater passion aches to the demands of the partner of lesser ardor (supplying material tokens or servitude, depending upon the gender of the dominant member) in exchange for regular appeasement of his (or her) sexual desires. While the system comes close to assuring egalitarianism, prostitution offers both the same ego-sop AND fringe benefits to boot.

It would, of course, be an exercise in redundancy to enumerate those benefits. And it would be folly to argue the case for prostitution, since, for some reason, it's illegal. Every day, earnest women, skilled women; women willing to toil for their bread and board are jailed for their reluctance to accept alms. And they are derided or maligned for supplying a service for which a public demand exists. (The last is somewhat understandable, however, inasmuch as the American code of business ethics dictates that demand be a secondary consideration to supply. If it were otherwise, what would happen to Madison Avenue, to billboards, to television? Even newspapers could be expected to shrink to a single sheet, costing, possibly, a dollar).

But verbal defense is out. The Great American Public has declared itself and no elocutioner has yet succeeded against it, though many have tried. Still, we are not impotent. Early debaters may have failed simply because their knowledge of semantics was insufficient. After all, everyone knows that the route to the American psyche is (1) to offer up to it a commodity with which it is already familiar, then (2) to rename it. But what euphemism would arouse toward the art of prostitution appropriately benevolent instincts? It must be monosyllabic, that goes without saying. And catchy. Rhythmic, too. Precise but not specific. Comprehensible even to sluggards. And, of course, responsive to the majority ethic.... Aaaaaah! At last, I have it! Lease-a-piecLEASE-A-PIECE. Quick, clean, open, business-like. Likely to have appeal even to Charlie Carroll, Mayor Bramon and old What's-His-Face. (Oh, you know, the cuckold with the baby blue eyes. The one that nobody shows any of the reports to and who has a 900 member department under his command—a group absolutely unique in its ability to undergo mitosis weekly without losing any segments or changing appearance).

SEE PAGE 23

# Don't buy California grapes



In July, five Delano farm workers came north to organize the boycott of California grapes in the Seattle area. The effects of their work is just now becoming evident. Last weekend five different picket lines were set up in front of A & P stores in various parts of the city. A large contingent from the Washington Democratic council meeting at the Seattle Center left their Convention, walked across the street and picketed the Queen Anne A & P. Democratic politicos had earnest talks with the store manager who pleaded sympathy but lack of authority to remove grapes from his store. In other areas clergy, housewives and ragged radicals teamed up to pass out leaflets at Northgate and in the University District. On Friday, about 150 protesters concentrated on the Ballard A & P, provoking some bitter responses from self-proclaimed "Birchers."

Regardless of the people who refuse to buy grapes, the only real means of pressuring the big chain store owners into refusing to stock grapes is a total boycott of the store itself. When A & P is threatened with a loss of customers for all its groceries, then and only then will the offending grape be plucked.

A mass protest is scheduled at the Gov-Mart in Burien at 10:00 this Saturday. For more information on the location of demonstrations, call MU 2-8353 or 743-3307 (evenings) and DON'T BUY GRAPES....

# SWP

SOCIALIST  
WORKER'S  
PARTY

18



PAUL BOUTELLE .....

Fifty years ago the state of Washington was an all too real battlefield in the Class Struggle. Washington's forests once teemed in utopian and experimental communities and echoed to bloody clashes between the I. W. W. and a ruthless logging industry. In sympathy with the Bolshevik Revolution, Seattle's workers stopped the city dead with a general strike. At the same time Left wing parties captured a fourth of the state's electorate. All of this prompted Franklin Roosevelt's Post Master General to propose this toast: "To the Union of 47 states and the Soviet of Washington!"

That he exaggerated the situation is obvious today but one legacy of that period is the remarkable ease with which "minor" parties can get on the ballot--unlike the rest of the states. All that is required is that 100 registered voters vouch for the party or attend its convention on Primary Election Day, September 17.

Among the parties holding their convention that day will be the Socialist Workers Party. Today, when most of the publicity centers on the PFP about the only thing you hear about the SWP are epithets.

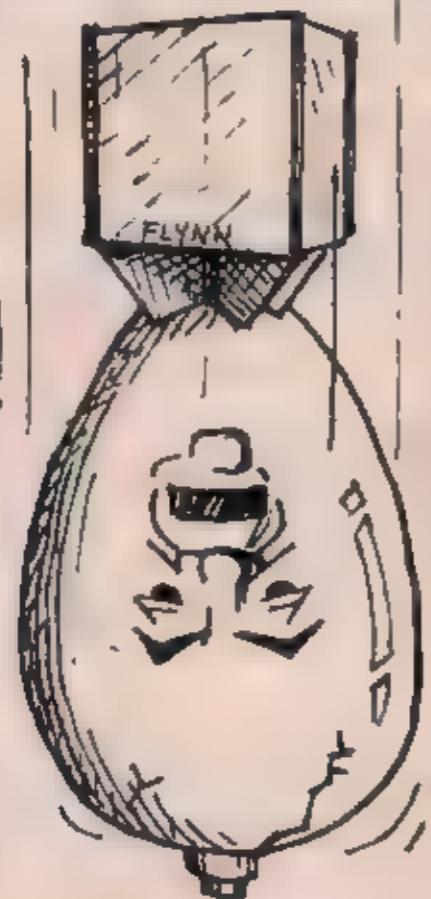
Yet no party is more consistent with Washington's Left tradition and more deserving of a position on the ballot than the SWP--even if they are Trots!

The SWP is the party of Trotskyism in the United States, but it is also much more. In 1963, the SWP was first and alone among Marxist groups to endorse Malcolm X and has supported Black Power ever since. While the CP was still piddling around with integration the SWP recognized the Vietnam War as the paramount issue facing America in this decade. The SWP pioneered the non-exclusionary anti-war demonstration, playing an important part in the April 15 and October 21 marches. All the while it has maintained its trade union base.

Disciplined but flexible the SWP and its youth affiliate, the YSA, have played an inestimable role in furthering the radicalization in America. This is not to say they're always right and pure--but they have a more than respectable record. It is no mystery that the SWP grates on many independent radicals and organizations. The SWP will hold its state convention Tuesday, to secure a position on the ballot and to introduce its ticket and platform.

Cont. on p.

'THE HHH BOMB'



LESSER EVIL NUMBER ONE!

'THE HAWG-WALLIE'



HAD ENOUGH?

VOTE SWP IN '68

SAME  
OLD  
DICK



SAME  
OLD  
TRICK!

LESSER EVIL NUMBER 3!

## ATTEND THE 1968 SOCIALIST WORKERS' PARTY CONVENTION

Your attendance at the 1968 Nominating Convention will help us to field a slate of radical candidates who will use all of the opportunities offered by the elections to educate hundreds of thousands on the need to END THE WAR IN VIET NAM-- BRING THE TROOPS HOME NOW -- BLACK CONTROL OF THE BLACK COMMUNITY -- SUPPORT INDEPENDENT BLACK POLITICAL ACTIVITY -- ABSOLUTE SUPPORT OF THE RIGHT TO STRIKE AND CIVIL LIBERTIES -- 30 HOURS WORK FOR 40 HOURS PAY-- END UNEMPLOYMENT -- SUPPORT THE RIGHT TO VOTE AT 18--- FOR A SOCIALIST AMERICA.

THE CONVENTION WILL BE ADDRESSED BY

**PAUL BOUTELLE**

SWP CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT  
BLACK REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALIST LEADER

AND

**PETER CAMEJO**

LEADER OF RADICAL STUDENTS IN BERKELEY  
SWP CANDIDATE FOR U. S. SENATE, CALIFORNIA

TIME: THIS COMING TUESDAY, SEPT. 17,  
8:00 PM

PLACE: EAST MADISON YMCA, 1700 23<sup>rd</sup> AVE.  
SEATTLE, WASH.

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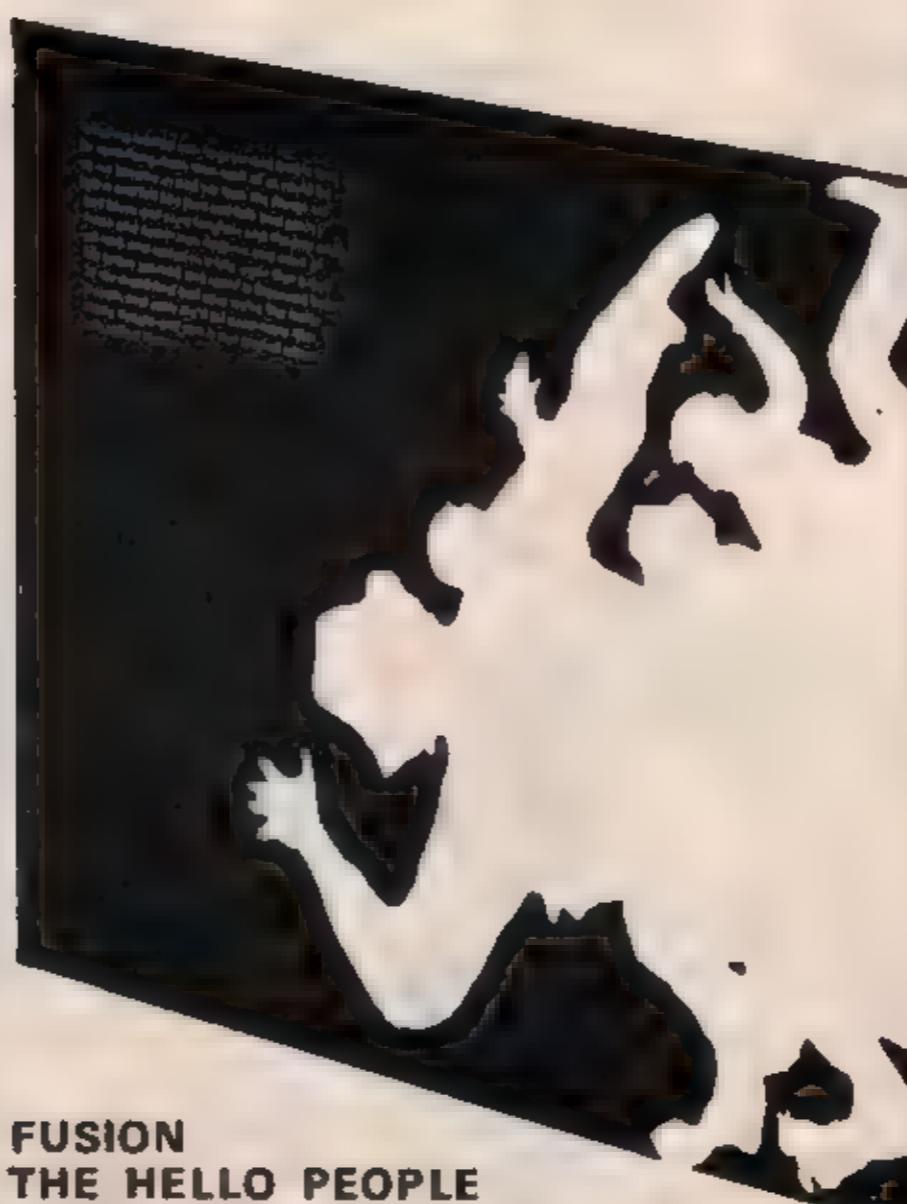
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that's reaching you. Their  
first album started it.  
Now a new album that will  
take hold of your mind  
and soul. Reach out for  
H. P. Lovecraft II.

Have you met the Hello  
People? Yes? Then you  
know. If not, this album  
will introduce you to a fan-  
tastically talented group.  
They do it all and you can  
hear it on this album. It's  
called Fusion. Connect  
with the Hello People.



H. P. LOVECRAFT II  
PHS 600-279



FUSION  
THE HELLO PEOPLE  
PHS 600-276



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OUTSIDE WAS THE ONLY PLACE  
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AN ALBUM THAT TAKES YOU

FURTHER OUT

# Sunshine Company Sunshine & Shadows



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IMPERIAL

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# WELTSCHMERZ

MONSTERS AT THE ID

Sunday. The alarm went off at 9:00 but I am already awake. After a couple of false starts I make it up out of bed and into the bathroom.

I smile into the mirror and it faithfully bares its canines, set at a jaunty angle, back at me. I shower and wash my hair setting down in the tub. It's elevated on a platform so you can't stand up. The hot water from the cold tap is hot on my shivering back.

Dried and half-dressed in my room my reflection considers me from the mirror on the closet door, and reaches no conclusion. Pale green shirt, walking shorts and safari jacket, and paisley tie; I look like the little boy I have never been. Is Helix layout this week or next? I've got to finish that design for Steve but I probably won't.

It's too hot for a tie. Not yet but it will be. Up 12th to 42nd. Breakfast at Coffee Corral.

No booths open and the counter is crowded. Unfriendly faces glance at mine--also unfriendly. Not hostile, just unfriendly and scared. If people are gregarious why are we so uncomfortable in the company of our species. Crowded, I feel all wrong and conspicuous. I cross and uncross my legs; how should I sit. I glance at the chrome of the toasters. I am there not here says the smudged image. The waffle arrived but the coffee didn't. Two friends come. I feel relief and my face muscles strike a new pose. We joke at each other. It is a ritual. We have nothing to say except words and not very many. 10:00: time to open the store.

Key to lock, some struggle but she finally accedes. I put the sandwich board out. And put the money in the cash drawer. I don't sweep the floor. I should.

Behind the desk I watch the people beyond the window. Some of them come in. Some kids stand outside and tap the pane where a photo of a cop giving the finger is taped. They grin and disappear out of view. It's a nice day.

Customers come in and paw through the buttons and newspapers. One sticks himself. They don't buy any.

A tall, slovenly dressed man comes up to the desk holding a copy of the "Psychedelic Experience." "I'd like to read this but it's so expensive. It's a shame. I'd like to read it."

I look at him; his face is slack and unshaven. I retreat inside. I nod in agreement. I hope he goes away. He takes the book and sits on a bench. What are you doing in here. Why don't you go somewhere else.

There are a lot of people in the store. I look down the aisle. A kid is standing there looking at me. I look away. He's dirty and unkempt. Long, stringy hair, about my build with bare feet and mismatched clothes, unattractive and marginally functional. I retreat further. Maybe he's a shoplifter. I watch him and he seems aware of my watching.

I look around the shop and at the desk before me. I don't see them but I reinforce what have seen before.

A man and woman come in. They're middle aged and tired. The woman was once attractive. She asks me about the Meher Baba literature on the desk. I explain. I am glib and uninformative. Go away. Somehow the man and I start talking. He's an old Stalinist. He says the Russians were justified in occupying Czechoslovakia.

I agree. Russia defended her national interests as she defined them and was justified. So is the American occupation of Vietnam in pursuance of her national interests. Where does that leave us. I am snotty, he is intransigent. Go away.

The woman comes up again. We talk about self-discovery. I retreat. I feel myself suck in and slam doors. She says she attempted suicide. We talk about it. I admit I had. Dear God lady, I have nothing to say to you. I can't help you. Please, I can't say or do anything for you. I am not you. I will not be you.

That kid wanders around the store. He keeps looking at me with his eyes. The man and lady leave. We smile and wave good bye at each other, unaffected.

Friends come in and leave and others come. We smile and talk to each other and we say, "Yes you know me. I know you know me." in our heads. We look at ourselves in each other and we say to our reflections, "See it smiles when I smile--it knows me." But the boy who wanders around the store doesn't smile. His face is blank in a way. Like clay that has never been molded, or maybe over-worked and the culture has collapsed, erasing the image.

More friends come and we talk and jive. The boy comes and watches. He puts me uptight. His eyes are like those of a dog which has been beaten and doesn't understand.

I am very uptight. I pull in very tight. I hit the desk. Friends ask if I'm uptight. "No."

The day ends. I give the kid a Helix. Tally the receipts and talk with friends. I walk the Ave and become more depressed.

Home, I put Brahms on the stereo and, in my robe, read Analog. I am waiting for some one too. She is not a friend. I think she's more but I don't know for sure.

She comes. I rest my head in her lap. She asks why



TACOMA OBSCENITY: Paul Perry and Jim Russell, co-owners of Tacoma's Ampersand Gift Shop, are shown with the "obscene" posters for which their shop was busted June 5th. Though there had been no citizens' complaints concerning the posters or the psychedelic shop, Tacoma Police were incited to arrest by the lewd implications of a bare-chested Janis Joplin, Frank Zappa on the toilet, Allen Ginsberg in the flesh (genitals politely covered) and a nude Daisy Duck.



In our first issue we ran a long rambling radio discourse by John Spellman on the coming of Big Brother through the devices of our local politics. Now that the UofW is giving away ID cards with the carriers portrait included we have one little fulfillment of one of Spellman's little prophesies. So we include here that portion of Spellman's speech which refers to the same.....

"Now I.D. cards are one of the hallmarks of a gestapo state, and I see the identification card as one of the gravest threats confronting us these days. It's no secret to anyone familiar with the police tactics in this city, particularly in the U district, that the selective service card is in fact already being used largely as an I.D. card; I see absolutely no justification for this..... Also, the proposed state ID cards, in combination with several other things that are going on now, create an issue which is (and I don't think I'm being paranoid here) positively threatening. Once we can enforce a law making I.D. cards mandatory for all citizens, once we can enforce a type of behavior pattern which may be checked out by computer, as we do with social security, as we do with income tax; it doesn't seem to be a very great step to unified behavioral patterns and indeed compulsory behavioral patterns.

You see the same kind of thing in the legislation on motorcycle helmets...."

And we all know what happened there.....

## unusual sex

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KRENT, P.O. Box 636, San Francisco, CA 94101

(Orders sent out same day received).

I'm uptight. I think a long time about the boy and the rest. While I think, the question recurs again and again whether she loves me. But I don't ask because I don't know if I love her.

I sit up and tell her about the people at the Id. It isn't artificial. It sounds real. I become angry at myself. It's real but it seems corny.

I am uninvolved with people around me. I'm a coward. I have retreated into a fortress of indifference. The Ave stinks. The People are pathetic. Yet I live here, moving amidst human debris and remain unsullied. I am going nowhere. I feel bad about not making some kind of gesture to the kid in the shop. His isolation was an indictment of mine. I feel lonely and useless. I live in a paper reality.

I am afraid of extending myself to others. All sorts of Freudian images occur to me. It is as though my being was made of a cache of energy. I hoard. I avoid people because they might drain it from me.

I think about my "art." Why stuff is too often flat because I impart no energy into it. Art is like a battery, the artist charges it with his energy and the audience completes the circuit.

I am afraid of touching people. I am afraid of the demands that reality makes on my pitiful store of "energy."

After I finish talking, we make love. It leaves me more relaxed but edgy. This too is just a ritual.

My thoughts are blurred, surrounded by hazy echoes.

My fear is distinct and hard edged. I am alone.

**SWP**

SEE ALSO PAGE

Paul Bouteille, SWP vice-presidential candidate and veteran of the Black Power movement, and Pete Camejo, a leader of the Berkeley Insurrection and SWP candidate for the Senate from California will deliver the major addresses. With them SWP candidate for the Senate, the attractive Debbi Leonard and SWP candidate for State Representative from the 32nd District, Will Reissner will also speak.

If you support the immediate withdrawal of American Forces from Vietnam and an end to all such imperialistic adventures, Black control of Black communities, democratization of the nation's universities and unions, an end to inflation, and, above all, the establishment of a democratic socialism in the United States and the rest of the world, it might be worth your while to attend the Socialist Workers Party's State Convention.



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Likeable quiet type guy wants to meet following type gal; beautiful, young, intelligent, inspirational, talented and loose! Be so and call Will. MA 2-6394.

URBANE & ARTICULATE SCEPTIC, 39, moving to Seattle, whence he will travel throughout the northwest about half the time. Born New York, educated USA & England, on west since 1960. Polished writer, sometime poet and painter, excellent cook. No beard, no bank account to speak of, no goals or guilt complexes. Terribly fond of good food, beautiful women, long philosophical conversations, doing nothing in particular. Excellent health, medium height, brown thinning hair, stocky build. Believes in making perfunctory obeisance to the proprieties in order to be rid of them, but inordinately curious and of catholic tastes. Can suffer the great outdoors on occasion, even small talk and trivia, but all of the following are anathema: autos, bigots, bitches, bores, spurious intellectuals, noise, the mystique of family or firm, professional patriots and queasy liberals. Interested meeting tolerably sane young lady of similar proclivities and fixed domicile. Will gladly contribute to maintenance of latter. Write G. Tobin, General Delivery, San Francisco 94101. Linda CALL us and let us know how you are, No strings. Love Dad and Gerry. Phone AT 4-5378.

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Versatile Fun Loving Couples with liberal interests would like to meet other couple the same. Love Jeff & Lynn, 743-6008

Pat McCabe Please call home. Mother.

SUPPORT PAT Paulsen for President. Large Fluorescent bumper stickers 45 cents, or 3 for \$1.00. Glenn Orwell, 24622 Curie Warren Michigan.

1960 VW \$400, Contact Crowley. HELIX, EA 2-0443

LOST: Black puppy, named Tarnation, Seward Park on Sun. The 8th Call Ea2-0443

Males for nude modeling photo. Prefer amateurs. Write Sales P.O. Box 889 Seattle 98111

Family (3 children) wishes to contact other families regarding communal living. Write & tell us about your personal habits, families and ideas. P.O. Box 5166.

The winner of the Rat Race is a Rat. Do you seek contentment away from the rats? International and National Intentional Communities now forming fellowships and adventures. \$2.00 Questers Project Box n-04, Los Banos, California.

Girl wanted as companion. Phone EM 2-2524 Wed.-Fri. Ask for Ed.

LAURA PEANUT I'm still in jail. Be out last of October. Write P.O. Box 665 Waterville, Washington. I love you, miss you Dave.

LOST: Am-Fm small radio vicinity Open Door Clinic Sky River

FOUND: Coat left by passenger in white falcon going to festival. Owner call PR 6-9250.

VOX amp and guitar both for \$450 or best offer also mikes, bass. Contact Helix.

Young Hip student looking for 18 to 25 year old slim cancer or pices to share future with. Call SKIP anytime. EA 9-1750 Ext. 7329.

# WANTED



Five years of a young man's life hung on whether or not he was ill on a certain day. And on August 29, Mike Leavy, 22, was convicted of failing to report for induction May 21, 1968. A jury of 50-year old "peers" took 50 minutes to: (1) choose a foreman and (2) decide Mike's fate.

The prosecution, handled rather clumsily by Assistant U.S. Attorney Rubidge, called on Margaret Craig and Dorothy Connors, both of the Selective Slavery Office, to testify about the order to report for induction as well as Mike's visits to the SSS office.

Lt. Roy Hughes of the induction center was asked to relate Mike's two previous induction dates where he was asked to leave (August newsletter). The prosecution attempted to show that Mike had no intention of cooperating with the authorities. Rubidge also sought to have Mike's file entered as evidence, which Judge Beeks denied.

After lunch, the defense called Mike to the stand and had him relate his views of what happened on the incidents in question. In the cross-examination Rubidge tried to get Mike to tell about Draft Resistance in an attempt to prejudice the jury against him (he needn't have wasted his time). Building for a strong conclusion he said, "Mr. Leavy, hasn't it always been your intention to avoid induction?"

"No."

Other witnesses for the defense were Pat Ruckert, a co-worker and friend and Mike's mother and father, all of whom testified that Mike did not look well on May 21, and continued to be in bad health for several weeks thereafter. The family physician, Dr. Sherwin, said that on June 1 Mike had the measles and could have been ill prior to that.

With the testimony of an expert on contagious diseases from the U of W, the prosecution proved Mike did not have the measles that morning, but he did NOT prove Mike was not SICK that morning.

In the final analysis, the issue was not measles or any other disease; it was simply that the concept of draft resistance offended the delicate sense of the judge and jury and all the evidence in the world couldn't have helped Mike.

Mike Leavy will be sentenced at the Federal Courthouse at 9:00 a.m. September 13, 1968. There are very few of us who have any illusions as to the length of the sentence. Support Mike Leavy. Be there. - Iao Katagiri.

**PARTY at... ●  
joslins ●  
SATURDAY... OCTOBER 5  
3311 BURKE AVE. N.**

NEAR GRAMMA'S COOKIES - yum -

## Girl's...cont. forever

Come to think of it, His staff-distaff staff-has already been tutored in the preliminaries of the craft under discussion. They might be willing to turn over the money collected on the strength of titillating IOU's (no one has ever said where those hard-earned dollars go)--or even to stump for federal funds for an on-the-job training program. In an era of specialization, it is hard to believe they could endorse amateurs of any kind. Moreover, any such plan, in order to escape the stigma of discrimination, would have to include males. (Besides, it would seem in the labs, anyway, the classes would have to be co-educational or we'd get into the kind of thing that happened in the oh, well, you KNOW the public just wouldn't like it at all, not THAT way.)

Finally, unionization would have to be the ultimate goal in order to keep out "bag-oriented" competitors who already can be presumed to be cutting into the profit potential of serious craftsmen and/or the inexpert hungry. And along with amalgamation could, and should, come a health and welfare plan for those afflicted with arthritis of the knees, unsightly varicosities--or whatever it is the overworked in the trade suffer from.

Now may I strongly recommend that if, after reading this treatise, you are convinced free love must go, that you contact friends, acquaintances, and whatever likely or unlikely looking strangers you might happen to encounter. Our purpose: A pilgrimage to the County Courthouse. A visit with the Prosecutor. I mean, if he receives no one else, he will, in all probability, receive US. With the PI suggesting he has one hand in the county's pinball tills; others counting maybe 22 tentacles spread out in the courthouse, it is not at all unreasonable to consider the old boy might also have his fingers in the city's nooky jar. And that's where us LEASE-A-PIECE people come in. HE needs all the friends he can get. And we'll need a Retirement Home immediately. (In which to set up shop, of course. We'll think of an appropriate name later for the edifice we'll ultimately erect for those no longer able to ply their trade.) Like that's one contribution he can enter on his tax forms. Everybody loves a guy that gives it away to the poor, the aged, and those flat on their backs....

"CAPTIVE, a color etching, is an example of the fine printmaking of Mr. Keith Acheppohl. Mr. Acheppohl will be shown, in his first Northwest exhibition, at the Anderson Gallery from September 18 through October 14. Including the Seattle Art Museum, his prints are among permanent collections throughout the United States and many foreign countries. Mr. Acheppohl has had over 12 one-man shows and has been in more than 80 juried exhibitions. He is presently assistant professor of art at Hope College in Holland, Michigan."



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